This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07604090 0

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE COLLECTION OF
Thos Addis Emmet M.D.
PRESENTED BY
JOHN STEWART KENNEDY
TO THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
TOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1896

UNIPH

THE

# SIEGE OF BALTIMORE,

AND

THE BATTLE OF

# LA TRANCHE;

WITH OTHER

## ORIGINAL POEMS.

By ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

AGED NINETEEN.

Atque ea per campos—dum Marte geruntur
ubi sanguine bellum
Imbuit, et primæ commisit funera pugnæ;
En perfecta tibi bello discordia triste. VIRGIL.

*BALTIMORE:*

PRINTED BY SCHAEFFER and MAUND.

1817.

COPY-RIGHT SECURED.

ERAWET
COLLECTION

# INTRODUCTION.

CHEERLESS and dull, would life's realities appear, if stripped of the celestial illuminations, of the noblest faculty of the human mind, THE IMAGINATION! Without it, man would grope in the midst of darkness; he would exist in a world without a sun;—without it, he would be a branchless trunk, standing upon a barren rock, in the midst of a silent sandy desert. It is this supernal endowment, which elevates him above the ephemera, destined to bloom for a little hour on this terrestrial ball, and then to sink into oblivious decay.

The unconfinable thoughts which wander through eternity, tell us—the final destiny of the soul, is more noble than to be ever imprisoned in this poor speck of earth, whereon we hold our being. Without the aid of the heavenly gift of imagination, existence would be insupportably painful and dark: man, far from aspiring to the society of angels, would soon sink to a level with the brutes that are doomed to perish. It is this power which lends enchantment to every scene, by gilding the sad realties of woe, and by adding ornaments to every substantial good. To its creative power are the

wealthy and the great, amidst their splendour, indebted for the pleasure they enjoy, for without it their glittering toys would appear hateful and wearisome vanities. It is this which distinguishes the obscure from the great, the indigent from the rich, the mean from the proud, the ignorant from the learned, the weak from the powerful. The filthy Diogenes alone, of all those who pretended to teach wisdom, affected to despise it: this wretch who thus threw away the decorations of life, would have cast off the attributes of man, and assumed the form as well as actions of a brute.

Should we look abroad through nature, and thence, to nature's God, we will find in the lovely works of the Omnipotent, that the useful is hid from the view, beneath the vast variety and profusion of dazzling ornament, which decks the party coloured and rainbow garments with which they are clothed and adorned. Behold the myriads of flowers which deck the earth, in the vernal season of gaiety and delight, the laughing groves, the crystal brooks, the graceful landscapes, the rich melody of the painted tribes; how little in the midst of this colouring and luxuriency of ornament, is intended for mere utility, and how much for delight? Why does that perfume regale the senses as it bewitches the wanton air? Why is the ear thus pleased with the melody of song? Why is the eye so much enchanted, in contemplating the emerald green of earth's gay carpet, interwoven with flowers of snow, of purple, of hyacinth, and living gold? Can all the art of Oriental luxury, design, or fabricate, aught that may vie with this rich and variegated web? Ah! poor is the utmost effort of the human mind to emu-

late such ornaments! Behold with what rich profusion, these incomparable decorations, are scattered over every object of nature. In beholding the trees of the forest, the shrubs and flowers of the garden, we should be tempted to believe, that the wondrous Creator had been studious only of the elegant and the beautiful, for beneath these, the merely useful, how carefully concealed! Even where the fruits which these do promise, have been matured by the influence of the golden sun, we still see that ornament is chiefly regarded, in the blooming peach, in the purple and blushing grape, in the yellow orange, and in the waving gold of the harvest.

The highest efforts of man but faintly shadow out the beauties of the Creation. The painter borrows his colours and learns to vary his tints in observing these lovely works; the poet tunes his song in feeble echo of the dulcet sounds of the spheres in their harmonious movements, hymning the praise of him who created all. Beware then presumptuous man, of pronouncing that to be idle, and unworthy, which in thy dull conceptions appears to be useless, for that which the idle vanity of man calls business, is the least important in the eye of wisdom.

Let the son of song be cherished. What, though he fabricates no raiment, and provides no food for the perishable bodies of men, yet, does he feed their souls with the ambrosia of poetic thought, and clothe them in robes of light. If man's distinguishing perfection be intelligence, he who provides for this intelligence, is as much superior to him who merely ministers to corporeal wants, as the soul is superior to its tenement of clay. By him

the whispering accents of angels are heard and repeated, which bid the souls of men as sister spirits, rise and come away.

While all else passeth from the memory, the songs of the bards continue to impart their immortality to perishable things. While kings and warriors, who once filled the world with their fame, like meteors do leave na trace, the names of Homer, of Ossian, of Milton, inspired sons of the heavenly muse, like bright and eternal stars, continue to blaze in the forehead of the sky, objects of admiration, wonder and amaze. Nations and empires that have vanished from the earth, like the mist of the morning, else forgotten, still live in the songs of the inspired children of the Muses. With how much truth, then, was it said, that, THE POET WAS THE SOUL OF HIS COUNTRY. His influence operating on its passions, its feelings, animates with a portion of etherial fire, purges away the gross propensities of sense, purifies all within, prompts to noble deeds, expands the horizon of human vision, and opens the sublime and interminable prospect of eternity. It is this poetic fire, which kindles the exalted and high burning ardour of patriotism, which consumes away every partial and selfish purpose; it is this holy fire, which lights up the lamp of religious enthusiasm, which produces a quenchless thirst for whatever is purely good, truly great, and highly glorious. It is this which teaches us, that since it is the doom of all, to perish by age, desease, and the thousand ills, that threaten our slender lives, that we should choose a glorious existence, and a noble death.

Νυν δ' (εμπυς γυρ κυρες εφεστασιν δανατοιο
Μυριαι, ας ουχ εστι φυγειν Βροτον ουδ' υπαλυξαι)
Ιωμεν κε τω ενχος ορεξομεν, κε τις υμιν.

*Homer.*

Since 'tis decreed and to this period led,
A thousand ways, THE NOBLEST PATH we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

*Denham.*

To the poet, in a word, are we indebted for this moral excellence of character; it is at his flame, that the incense which burns on the altar of greatness is kindled. The learned and eloquent Barthelemy, who adorns and elevates whatever he touches, thus, in his celebrated travels of Anacharsis, speaks of this heavenly gift. "It is poetry which has civilized mankind, which instructed my childhood, which tempers the severities of precepts, which renders virtue more amiable by bestowing on her new graces, which elevates my soul in the Epic Poem, inspires me with tenderness at the theatre, fills me with holy awe at our sacred ceremonies, invites me to joy during our repasts, and animates my courage in the presence of the enemy; and even though the fictions of fancy should be confined, to calming the unquiet activity of our imagination, must not that be a real good, which procures us some innocent pleasures amid the multitude of evils of which I hear so many complaints."

Thus fortified by the dignity appertaining to his office, the author, though conscious that he is the least among the bards, has strung his lyre to sing the rising glories of this noble city, which like an infant Hercules, crushed with its nervous arm the serpents of invasion. He ex-

plores the strings with trembling hand and beating heart, for he is unknown to fame, and his years are but few. He fears that the keen and piercing blast of critical severity, may "bite too nigh"; that his youth and inexperience may plead for him in vain. Should cruelty assail him, he will seek consolation, in the recollection that the great father of song himself, the author of the immortal Illiad, was often the target of malevolence; the race of snarling scribblers from Zoilus down to La Motte frequently broke upon him their sacreligious jests. Yet the Poems of Homer, were given to the world, nine centuries before the Christian era, and from that time to the present, through all changes and revolutions, in all countries, and among all nations, have they been preserved with the highest admiration; they have been transferred to a NEW WORLD, of which the ancients knew less than the moderns do of the Moon. If even the divine Homer was hooted at by envious owls, "winging the dubious dusk," how can the poor *bardlings* of these degenerate days, expect to be reverenced?

The author has sought to adopt the manner of the ancient and venerable sons of the Muses, rather than the more fashionable moderns. Instead of MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, GRAY, CAMPBELL, SCOTT, BYRON, or SOUTHEY, geniuses whom he reveres, but whose strains are so familiar, that novelty would be wanting; he has chosen to follow, ARCHILOCHUS, ARION, LASUS, PINDAR, MELANIPIDES, PHILOXENUS, TIMOTHEUS, TELESDES, POLIDIUS, and ION. Although their wild, irregular, native measures, have been preferred, it has not been with a

view to emulate their bacchanalian dithyrambick, or excite sensuality by pourtraying lasciviousness or irregular pleasures. He that would publish what tends in the least degree, to soil the ermine of morality, is like the poisonous manchineal, which sheds its blistering dews to destroy the wholesome plants around it. Should these lines add fuel to unhallowed flames, far from deserving the confidence of his country, he would merit its execration.

> Curs'd be the line how smooth so e'er it flow,
> That proves the friend of vice, and virtue's foe—

To such pestiferous fiends of anarchy and discord, VOLTAIRE, MORGAN, or TOM PAINE, who like EPICURUS and PYRRHUS, and the bewildered disciples, the deluded instruments of the Evil Spirit, and of their own destruction, and that of their fellow creatures, he was never the dupe. Reason, the light of heaven, given to lead us on our darksome way, has been used by the arch enemy to lead us into the direful pits of perdition. He has infused poison into the nourishment of the soul; the nectar of heavenly bliss, is converted by the horrid mixture, into the helebore of endless despair. In a word, beneath the fair garb of reason, has too often been concealed the fiendlike forms of sophistry, criminality, and Atheism. In the shape of the philosopher EUBILIDES, in the Megarian school, the ARCH DECEIVER, proved by the sophism of this bewildered man,—*that there is no God!* Beneath the visor of philosophy, contemplating the decline and fall of empires, he gives currency to infidelity; or under the pretence of vindicating the sacred rights of man, he teaches to scorn the venerable and pure reli-

gion of a Saviour; and finally, under the guise of impartial investigation, he gathers around the soul the midnight darkness of despair. Let the reader pour the vial of his wrathful disappointment upon the luckless head of youth, incapacity, or inexperience, but he will find no cause to condemn these artless lines, on account of immoral tendency. The understanding may be faulty, but the heart is innocent. Celestial poetry, the invaluable gift of heaven, has too frequently been the instrument of guilt,

"So vayna de Oro
"Cuchillo de plomo."

but never shall it be so, in the humble hands of him who has undertaken in these verses, to sing the defence of this noble city. No, as he hopes to join the pure spirits of the just made perfect in heaven—as he hopes to unite with the happy and enraptured myriads of the saints of light,

"On whom is seen eternally to beam,
"The radiant aspect of the power supreme,
"Who rules the world and in the mass profound,
"Of light that compasses the Godhead round."

*L. Bona. Charlemagne.*

never will he be guilty of such a criminal indiscretion.

It is hoped that this full expression of the author's sentiments, will satisfy the most critical, scrupulous mind, and will convince every reader, that in the use which he has made of the polytheism of the ancient Greeks and Romans, he has been actuated by the most innocent motives. *Milton* and *Camœns*, as well as the most devout poets have made free use of it, as a harmless machinery, which serves to give animation and va-

riety, without the slightest injurious tendency. It is observed by a celebrated French critic, that "a poet may without offending against the rules of propriety carry us back to remote ages." The ethnic deities of the ancient Europeans, have been introduced for the purpose of carrying back the mind to ancient times; the prosopopœia if properly introduced, seldom fails of adding interest to the poetical annals even of events which have passed before our eyes. The odes of *Pindar*, shew how freely the mythology was introduced in the celebration of the different events which he was inspired to immortalize: and if *Walter Scott* has failed in his *Waterloo*, it is in a greater measure owing to the deficiency of this species of garniture.

The sixth canto of the Siege of Baltimore offers me some room for the exercise of the imagination. I have sought to paint in energetic colours, a picture speaking to the heart. I have not exaggerated the calamities of belligerance in selecting from the victims of war, two constant lovers, in the bloom of youth, for whom smiling Hope had crowned the chalice of bliss, which joy, while presenting it to their lips, pointed to the flowery vales of Peace,—but hark! the blast of war—Bellona and the horrid train! See, the flame of conflagrations! hear, the shrieks of the widow, and the cries of orphans! the patriotic youth contemplates the congregating horrors with peculiar emotions, he hesitates not—the path of duty must be pursued, though destruction brandishing her sanguinary spear stands centinel in the course. Alive to the sorrows of Columbia, he enjoys not while his country mourns, he tears himself from the beauteous object

of his fervent affections, and joins the troops assembled to advance and check the progress of invasion; while she whom he loves from a consciousness of duty, opposes not his departure; her soul is elevated by patriotism and by relative affections, she cannot suppress the stream of anguish which bedews her beauteous cheeks, yet would she not controul the noble spirit of her Edwin. He joins a marching regiment, but mindful of his love, he writes affectionately to her by the first occurring opportunity; she immediately determines to seek the field of battle, if possible, to render assistance to her lover, and doubting not her presence might alleviate the toils of war. She arrives on the eve of the day of Bladensburg, on the fatal field; she discovers the depth of her distress. I have not furnished the unfortunate maid of Baltimore with a flowery oration, to pronounce in her grief; I deemed such an unnatural intrusion; but a few words, the anguish of her soul, precedes her insanity.

TO

# MAJOR GENERAL SMITH,

THE FIRST CANTO OF THIS POEM IS DEDICATED.

*Baltimore, May,* 1817.

GENERAL,

THE exemplary conduct you displayed, while placed in a conspicuous situation, when to your acknowledged patriotism and abilities, was confided the arduous duties of a Commander in Chief, entitle you to the gratitude of your country and the muses favours.

Of all calamities which afflict the human species, that produced by the prevalence of War, is without doubt, the most disastrous. But, certainly, in the hour of danger, to defend our country, our liberties and national independence, is not only necessary and just, but an incumbent duty we owe ourselves—our parents—our fellow citizens—our wives and our posterity.

Probably few persons can conceive the hopes, fears, doubts and anxieties of a person placed at so critical a period in the prominent station you were called on to sustain.

General, the approbation of your own heart, and the applauses of your fellow citizens are the best commentaries on your conduct.

With sentiments of high consideration

I have the honor to remain

Most respectfully, yours &c. &c. &c.

ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

# INTRODUCTION.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

*JOHN HOPKINS, Esq.*

OF

PHILADELPHIA.

"Conscious of his weakness, see! the child
With out-stretch'd arms, and eyes imploring—
Entreats you from the ground to lift him."

## I

IMMORTAL nymphs, Parnassian nine,
Blooming sisters, maids divine!
COLUMBIA'S youthful bard inspire,
With some rich portion of immortal fire!
And thou whom PERSIA's prostrate sons adore
PHŒBUS on me thy choicest influence pour.

## II

Ah! not to me the pow'rs belong
Which grac'd old HOMER's lofty song,
Else would I, with a Poet's pride
Pour forth the sweet, the golden tide,

Probably few persons can conceive the hopes, fears, doubts and anxieties of a person placed at so critical a period in the prominent station you were called on to sustain.

General, the approbation of your own heart, and the applauses of your fellow citizens are the best commentaries on your conduct.

With sentiments of high consideration

I have the honor to remain

Most respectfully, yours &c. &c. &c.

ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

# INTRODUCTION.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

## *JOHN HOPKINS, Esq.*

OF

PHILADELPHIA.

"Conscious of his weakness, see! the child
With out-stretch'd arms, and eyes imploring—
Entreats you from the ground to lift him."

## I

IMMORTAL nymphs, Parnassian nine,
Blooming sisters, maids divine!
COLUMBIA'S youthful bard inspire,
With some rich portion of immortal fire!
And thou whom PERSIA's prostrate sons adore
PHŒBUS on me thy choicest influence pour.

## II

Ah! not to me the pow'rs belong
Which grac'd old HOMER's lofty song,
Else would I, with a Poet's pride
Pour forth the sweet, the golden tide,

Now softly flowing, smoothly glide,
Now like some river deep and wide
O'er high rocks opposing, gushing,
Thund'ring, foaming, downwards rushing,
The flood with heart-appalling roar,
Unconfin'd, disdains a shore.

## III.

Ah! vainly tries the lark to soar with eagle wing,
Or humble bard with ORPHEAN pow'rs to sing.
No room in Gothic tow'r with age in wisdom grey,
Beheld his lamp expire at dawn of day.
No ISIS, consecrated shore,
Or flowing CAM's learn'd margin bore
Or traces of his footstep's way,
Or where he conn'd the classic lay.

## IV.

Yet oft, where pride of English song!
Thames pours his wealthy tides along
Through fertile fields, and meads, and vales,
Through golden glades, and flow'ry dales,
To where beneath umbrageous gloom,
Sleeps Nature's Poet in his tomb!
With lovely Lydia by my side
I've sat from morn to eventide,
For her the infant song I'd raise,
My proudest triumph—Lydia's praise.

# CANTO I.

"Ah monarchs! did ye know the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret,
The hoarse dull drum would sleep,
And man be happy yet!"

*Lord Byron's Childe Harold.*

I.

Proud Britain claim'd the wide domain
Of Ocean's deep and vasty plain,
And while her crosses she unfurl'd,
Thunder'd defiance to the world.
While Europe own'd the mighty war
COLUMBIA, peaceful 'midst the jar,
A friend to all, a foe—to none,
She traded peacefully alone.

II.

Britain beheld the tranquil dame
And fear'd, a rival to her fame.
"And shall her sons contentment know,
"While Europe I have fill'd with woe?
"No the lost world will I regain,
"Her sailors press, her commerce chain,
"All mine shall be the subject main!"
She spake, heav'd high her haughty breast,
Fill'd with ambition, void of rest.

Now softly flowing, smoothly glide,
Now like some river deep and wide
O'er high rocks opposing, gushing,
Thund'ring, foaming, downwards rushing,
The flood with heart-appalling roar,
Unconfin'd, disdains a shore.

## III.

Ah! vainly tries the lark to soar with eagle wing,
Or humble bard with ORPHEAN pow'rs to sing.
No room in Gothic tow'r with age in wisdom grey,
Beheld his lamp expire at dawn of day.
No ISIS, consecrated shore,
Or flowing CAM's learn'd margin bore
Or traces of his footstep's way,
Or where he conn'd the classic lay.

## IV.

Yet oft, where pride of English song!
Thames pours his wealthy tides along
Through fertile fields, and meads, and vales,
Through golden glades, and flow'ry dales,
To where beneath umbrageous gloom,
Sleeps Nature's Poet in his tomb!
With lovely Lydia by my side
I've sat from morn to eventide,
For her the infant song I'd raise,
My proudest triumph—Lydia's praise.

# CANTO I.

"Ah monarchs! did ye know the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret,
The hoarse dull drum would sleep,
And man be happy yet!"

*Lord Byron's Childe Harold.*

I.

Proud Britain claim'd the wide domain
Of Ocean's deep and vasty plain,
And while her crosses she unfurl'd,
Thunder'd defiance to the world.
While Europe own'd the mighty war
COLUMBIA, peaceful 'midst the jar,
A friend to all, a foe—to none,
She traded peacefully alone.

II.

Britain beheld the tranquil dame
And fear'd, a rival to her fame.
"And shall her sons contentment know,
"While Europe I have fill'd with woe?
"No the lost world will I regain,
"Her sailors press, her commerce chain,
"All mine shall be the subject main!"
She spake, heav'd high her haughty breast,
Fill'd with ambition, void of rest.

Now softly flowing, smoothly glide,
Now like some river deep and wide
O'er high rocks opposing, gushing,
Thund'ring, foaming, downwards rushing,
The flood with heart-appalling roar,
Unconfin'd, disdains a shore.

## III.

Ah! vainly tries the lark to soar with eagle wing
Or humble bard with ORPHEAN pow'rs to sing.
No room in Gothic tow'r with age in wisdom grey
Beheld his lamp expire at dawn of day.
No ISIS, consecrated shore,
Or flowing CAM's learn'd margin bore
Or traces of his footstep's way,
Or where he conn'd the classic lay.

## IV.

Yet oft, where pride of English song!
Thames pours his wealthy tides along
Through fertile fields, and meads, and vales,
Through golden glades, and flow'ry dales,
To where beneath umbrageous gloom,
Sleeps Nature's Poet in his tomb!
With lovely Lydia by my side
I've sat from morn to eventide,
For her the infant song I'd raise,
My proudest triumph—Lydia's praise.

# CANTO I.

"Ah monarchs! did ye know the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret,
The hoarse dull drum would sleep,
And man be happy yet!"

*Lord Byron's Childe Harold.*

I.

Proud Britain claim'd the wide domain
Of Ocean's deep and vasty plain,
And while her crosses she unfurl'd,
Thunder'd defiance to the world.
While Europe own'd the mighty war
COLUMBIA, peaceful 'midst the jar,
A friend to all, a foe—to none,
She traded peacefully alone.

II.

Britain beheld the tranquil dame
And fear'd, a rival to her fame.
"And shall her sons contentment know,
"While Europe I have fill'd with woe?
"No the lost world will I regain,
"Her sailors press, her commerce chain,
"All mine shall be the subject main!"
She spake, heav'd high her haughty breast,
Fill'd with ambition, void of rest.

## III.

She comes! the proud invader comes
To waste our country, spoil our homes,
To lay our towns and cities low,
And bid our mothers' tears to flow,
Our wives lament, our orphans weep,
To seize the empire of the deep!—

## IV.

Her annual circuit of the sun,
Now twice th' ensanguin'd earth had run,
Since ruthless War's destructive brand
Had scatter'd horrors o'er the land.
Whence is this universal grief?
Declare, O Muse! in record brief:
Their own the British legions call
COLUMBIA'S infant CAPITAL!
And POTOMAC, thy blushing stream
Views the red flames' guilty beam
Spread over WASHINGTON its gleam.
Suspense flies from her fatal shore
And hovers over BALTIMORE,
For active war against the foe,
Her sons, the sons of freedom show.
Wilt thou to proud invaders yield
The bloodless, undisputed field?
Soon shall thy loud artillery speak:
Thou art not fearful, sad, or weak
Thou Granary of the Chesapeake!

TO

# BRIGADIER GENERAL WINDER,

THE SECOND CANTO OF THIS POEM IS DEDICATED.

*Baltimore, May* 1817.

GENERAL,

WHEN desirous of possessing it, the numerous army of the British invaders advanced towards the important city of Baltimore: your fellow citizens confident of your integrity, patriotism and military skill, appointed you Commander in Chief of the forces sent to oppose their progress.

Every thing consummate ability in an officer could possibly have performed, you performed. Perhaps no General officer was ever selected by his compatriots, to assume command under such inauspicious circumstances, or at so critical a moment the enemy was at the threshold when you were called upon to act; his regular battalions composed of veteran troops were under the command of [illegible] and experienced officers: their plans long previously formed, they had commenced the [illegible] yet, though you [illegible] the minor ability an [illegible] hour could achieve, [illegible] the impetuosity of [illegible] precaution [illegible] period, your [illegible]

III.

Surpriz'd, the British legions gaz'd,
Their hosts th' entrenchments long amaz'd,
The labour'd line extending round,
Baltimore completely bound,
No circumvolving walls surround,
Its guards were noble hearts, and bold,
Who freedom priz'd 'bove tempting gold.

IV.

What mighty works can men perform,
Who nobly face the rudest storm,
Who fearless of the Lion's might,
Dare for their Independence fight!

V.

Valiant in arms, wise in debate,
In councils eloquent and great,
    Victorious SMITH presides;
Commander of Columbia's arms,
His soul inur'd to war's alarms,
    Thro' all the storm he rides.

VI.

O'er Fort M'Henry, waving wide,
Floats lov'd Columbia's starry pride,
In dalliance waving seem'd to say,
"Columbia owns this glorious day!

VII.

Brave ARMSTRAD, Baltimoreans' boast!
With his alert, undaunted host,

# INTRODUCTION.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

## *SHEPHERD C. LEAKIN'S, Esq.*

OF

## BALTIMORE.

At tuba terribilem sonicum procul æra,
Cænoro, increpuit clamor cœlumque remugit.
*Virgil's Æneid.*

I.

When war's loud clarion sounds—To arms!
And martial trumpets bray;
The soldier's heart with fury warms,
He seeks the field of fray.

II.

In vain his peaceful cot invites
Content and rural ease,
While fierce foe with rapine fights
Can rural quiet please?

III.

"No," he exclaims "let women share
"With children cottage peace,
"To combat be the warrior's care
"Till martial sounds shall cease!"

IV.

"It cannot be, that this my hand
"Which dy'd Bellona's fields with gore,
"Forgetful of the soldier's brand,
"Deaf to the noise of cannon's roar:"

V.

"Should guide the plough, or till the field,
"Inglorious while my country calls!
"O no! again my sword I'll wield
"Who falls in battle, nobly falls!"

VI.

Scarce had he ended—hark, the drum!
The rolling drum to battle calls,
"Comrades in arms! "he cries" I come
"Who falls in battle, nobly falls!"

VII.

Thus the bold patriot soldier sung
While the responsive woodlands rung,
Then to the conscious shady grove
Impatient hastes to meet his love:

VIII.

A silent muse stood pensive near
Beheld affection's gushing tear,
Regards to mutual lovers dear,
In tones melodious, sweetly sad, and clear
Soft plaintive measures stole the list'ning ear;

IX.

Alternate sung the parting pair,
The youth belov'd, and maiden fair:

## AIR.

When the morning sun you see
Will you, will you—think of me?
Till ev'ning PHŒBE from the sea
Rises, will you think of me?

Ev'ry day, and ev'ry night,
By Solar, or by Lunar night,
Till silver PHŒBE ends her sway,
And SOL resigns the golden day,
My only love! I'll constant be
Continually I'll think of thee!

X.

BARLOW, had I thy mourning lyre,
Or BRACKENRIDGE, thy muse's fire,
Then would I pour the tide of woe
Bid the warm tear of beauty flow,
And e'en cold winter's brine to start,
And pity melt his frozen heart—
For oh! Two constant lover's—part!

XI.

Ah me! should cruel foeman's blow
Lay the patriot-soldier low!
Or deadly bullet pierce his breast,
Ah! with him dies his true love's rest.

XII.

But heav'n protected if in peace
He to his cot returns!
His darling's troubles instant cease
Her heart with fondness burns.

XIII.

Soon as his well known form she views
Advancing to the door,
Warm tears her beauteous face bedews,
"I see my love once more!"

XIV.

With trembling steps and streaming eyes,
And wildly throbbing heart,
To her fond love's embrace she flies,
They meet, no more to part!

# CANTO II.

"O heaven! when swords for Freedom shine,
the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot's blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe!
And be it to the nations known,
That victory is from God alone!"

*Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

---

I.

The sons of freedom, patriot hearts!
To Baltimore, from various parts,
At the first summons, quickly came
To save from desolation's flame
The pride of fertile Maryland,
From British lust, and sword, and brand.
A valiant host, no fear they knew,
Their arms were good, their hearts were true,
They burnt their foemen's ranks to view.

II.

Clouds veil'd the sun, whose feeble ray
But feebly told the dusky day,
Dark was that day, in portent—dark!
A gloom surrounds each British bark;
The red-cross'd banner downward hung
Nor proud as erst to wild wind flung.

XI.

Ah me! should cruel foeman's blow
Lay the patriot-soldier low!
Or deadly bullet pierce his breast,
Ah! with him dies his true love's rest.

XII.

But heav'n protected if in peace
He to his cot returns!
His darling's troubles instant cease
Her heart with fondness burns.

XIII.

Soon as his well known form she views
Advancing to the door,
Warm tears her beauteous face bedews,
"I see my love once more!"

XIV.

With trembling steps and streaming eyes,
And wildly throbbing heart,
To her fond love's embrace she flies,
They meet, no more to part!

# CANTO II.

"O heaven! when swords for Freedom shine,
the cause is thine!
Edge doubly every patriot's blow!
Beat down the banners of the foe!
And be it to the nations known,
That victory is from God alone!"

*Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

---

I.

The sons of freedom, patriot hearts!
To Baltimore, from various parts,
At the first summons, quickly came
To save from desolation's flame
The pride of fertile Maryland,
From British lust, and sword, and brand.
A valiant host, no fear they knew,
Their arms were good, their hearts were true,
They burnt their foemen's ranks to view.

II.

Clouds veil'd the sun, whose feeble ray
But feebly told the dusky day,
Dark was that day, in portent—dark!
A gloom surrounds each British bark;
The red-cross'd banner downward hung
Nor proud as erst to wild wind flung.

III.

Surpriz'd, the British legions gaz'd,
Their hosts th' entrenchments long amaz'd,
The labour'd line extending round,
Baltimore completely bound,
No circumvolving walls surround;
Its guards were noble hearts, and bold,
Who freedom priz'd 'bove tempting gold.

IV.

What mighty works can men perform,
Who nobly face the rudest storm,
Who fearless of the Lion's might,
Dare for their Independence fight!

V.

Valiant in arms, wise in debate,
In councils eloquent and great,
    Victorious SMITH presides;
Commander of Columbia's arms,
His soul inur'd to war's alarms,
    Thro' all the storm he rides.

VI.

O'er Fort M'Henry, waving wide,
Floats lov'd Columbia's starry pride,
In dalliance waving seem'd to say,
"Columbia owns this glorious day!

VII.

Brave ARMSTRAD, Baltimoreans' boast!
With his alert, undaunted host,

Sustain'd the British cannonade,
And well the British bombs repaid.
Cities for thee, O warrior bold!
Shall shape in gratitude's gay mould
Their sculptur'd urns of burnish'd gold.

VIII.

While thro' dark clouds the mimic thunders dart,
Ah! what forebodings swell'd each mother's heart?
Bursting on earth, and now on high,
Red fuses seem'd to fire the sky,
The deep-mouth'd cannon's horrid roar
Shook all the walls of Baltimore.

IX.

Death could not daunt the purpose brave,
Of those who fought the town to save,
Dauntless amid the bloody strife,
We fought for freedom, not for life.

X.

Dearly their lives our brothers sell,
For each, three British warrior's fell.
Th' astonish'd British back recoil'd,
Repuls'd with death, fatigu'd, and foil'd,
Vainly their daring hosts had toil'd.

XI.

Proud of their scarlet coats no more,
How many soldiers bath'd in gore,
Lay stretch'd upon the fatal plain
Among the wounded and the slain!

Vainly for them fond anxious mother's weep,
Or beauteous maidens gaze the mighty deep.
Viewing with painful joy each swelling sail,
Hoping their love's return with every gale.
Bright expectation smiles with dawn of light,
Dull disappointment sheds her tears at night.

XII.

The yoke of British sov'reign's, sway
Ne'er on Columbia's neck shall lay,
While JEHOVAH conservates,
The union of the happy states.

XIII.

And should a foreign despot dare
His thunders to our land to bear,
And pour his armies, hostile hosts,
On our Columbia's honour'd coasts—
When they insult our country's shore,
Our sons shall think—of Baltimore.

# COMMODORE DECATUR,

THE THIRD CANTO OF THIS POEM IS DEDICATED.

*Baltimore, May,* 1817.

COMMODORE,

Your glory is established on immutable principles. You have immortalized your name. Your country honours, and your fellow citizens esteem you. Your brilliant achievements are recorded on the pages of history. In the temples of victory and fame, is an altar inscribed with the immortal name of DECATUR.

While the United States' navy is commanded by such officers as yourself, your fellow citizens fear nothing from the long claimed naval supremacy of Great Britain. Already the illusion of British invincibility on the ocean has vanished. Let abject nations prostrate themselves before her; oft have we contemplated Columbia's star-stud glory floating in triumph over the conquer'd crosses of her Union. We fear her not. From the hands of Britannia we apprehend not, that it shall be our lot to receive "the restoration of the ancient order of things": her sword shall not establish here a throne for a Ferdinand the cruel—or an horrible Inquisi-

tion to disgrace our country. A considerable navy is indispensably necessary to protect our commerce and to guard our long extending coasts. May our government, conscious of its importance, spare no expense to augment it, and be prevailed on to adopt those means, to diminish the effusion of American blood, which will confer on our arms a manifest superiority in all engagements. Those means I am convinced would be readily adopted if recommended by persons of your distinction and experience.

With sentiments of high consideration,

I have the honour to be,

Most respectfully, &c. &c.

ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

# INTRODUCTION.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

*E. SYMMONDS, Esq.*

OF

PHILADELPHIA.

"What pity is't that we can die but once
To serve our country."

*Addison's Tragedy of Cato.*

I.

The thunders sound, the loud drums beat,
Hark! a thousand tramping feet,
Bright their arms are daz'ling bright,
Reflecting back the Sun's red light,
With standards streaming to the air,
Ten thousand warriors brave appear.

## II.

Warriors! e'er to-morrow's sun
His destin'd course through heav'n has run,
A thousand widow's tears shall flow,
A thousand orphans weep with woe.
Warriors! march on—your country calls,
"Who falls in battle nobly falls!"

# CANTO III.

"Now from the dark artillery broke,
"Lightning flash and thunder stroke;
"And volum'd clouds of fiery smoke
"Roll in the darken'd air." *Anon.*

---

I.

Hark! the sound of clatt'ring arms
Assail the heart with dire alarms,
The deep-mouth'd cannon's thund'ring sound,
Th' echoing hills repeat around!

II.

The sword impatient of its prey
Disdains the Sun's reflected ray!
The glitt'ring muskets from afar
Declare thy presence—baleful WAR!

III.

O! 'tis the murd'rous cannon's rear—
  See! 'tis the muskets light'ning flash—
Carnage now dies her feet in gore—
  War's loudest thunders crash!

IV.

O Britain! wail that fatal day,
  When on NORTH-POINT's impurpled field

The armies meet in dire array—
One must not be, or yield.

V.

Her Stars exalting to the sky
Columbia's blue-strip'd ensign high
Waves in graceful dalliance gay,
And claims the honours of the day.

VI.

See long extends the British line,
Their burnish'd arms refulgent shine;
Troops of the Wellingtonian school!
Ne'er shall your Princely Regent's rule
Or foreign monarch's scepter'd sway,
Columbia's free-born sons obey.

VII.

Tho' proud in arms, inur'd to war,
You've spread the fame of England far,
And from Napoleon's brilliant reign
Deliver'd France, and rescu'd Spain,
Restor'd to Bourbon's race again.

VIII.

Free as the air we breathe our birth,
Despising monarchs form'd of earth,
Our King, the King of Kings alone—
Eternal his celestial throne!
And since ye dare us to the fight,
Confiding in our Sov'reign's might,
Europe on North Point's plain shall see,
Britannia's choicest heroes flee

Before the children of the free,
Who gain'd by arms priz'd Liberty!

IX.

Retreat! ye myrmidons—retreat!
This land is freedom's chosen seat,
These are the sons of those, who fought
For Independence, when ye sought
By force of arms, by murder, flame,
To fill our land with grief and shame,
To blast our glory, blast our fame,
And blot our WASHINGTON's bright name!

X.

But say, who is this warrior bold
In scarlet coat, adorn'd with gold,
Whose gaudy epaulets shine bright,
Calmly he contemplates the fight?

XI.

It is the British Gen'ral ROSS,
He glories in his country's cross,
And vows to take rich Baltimore,
And bid her streets to reek with gore;
And while her widow'd matrons sigh,
To plant his monarch's ensign high.

XII.

He knows not now, with pride elate,
The stern decree of ruthless fate!
But plans our blest FREDONIA's fall
And slav'ry's shackles to recall.

XIII.

See! as his hardy host advances,
Proudly his conscious charger prances,
While to his Aids, drawn sword in hand,
He issues forth his high command.

XIV.

But soon the vengeful bullet flies,
The wounded warrior falls and dies!
The fate ordain'd for Liberty,
O boaster! that has fall'n on thee.

XV.

A youth who wore our uniform,
Press'd through the midst of battle's storm,
And at the haughty Briton foe,
Aim'd the ball which laid him low.

XVI.

The British army saw it's General slain
And then disorder'd fled the fatal plain.

XVII.

So proud PHILISTIA's champion died;
A shepherd check'd a nation's pride,
GOLIAH slain by DAVID's hand,
The Gentiles fled the Holy Land.

XVIII.

Fly! ye perfidious crosses, fly!
Ye wave not under genial sky;

Here no trait'rous airs e'er can,
Victorious profanation fan.

XIX.

Among our country's soldiers brave
Who found on NORTH POINT's plain—a grave
The mournful Muse in tears must tell,
'Twas there the gallant LOWRY fell!

XX.

And yet she smiles amidst her tears,
While record of his worth she bears;
While bursting thunders o'er him sped,
He sought the raging battle's bed,
Columbia's flag wav'd o'er his head,
And thus her gallant LOWRY said:

XXI.

"Patriot soldiers—follow me—
"Die like heroes—or be free!
"Forward—death or victory!"

XXII.

As flint-stone sharply struck on steel,
Our soldiers heard the Chief's appeal,
His voice a confidence inspires,
They crush'd the foe—amidst whose fires
Th' heroic DONALDSON expires.
Pride of the Senate—of the Bar,
Thus glorious fell the plume of War!

TO

# COMMODORE PERRY.

THE FOURTH CANTO OF THIS POEM IS DEDICATED.

*Baltimore, May,* 1817.

COMMODORE,

The second War between the United States of North America and Great Britain, which commenced on the 18th June, 1812, and terminated in February, 1815, evinced the fallacy of the boasted sovereignty of the British on the Ocean. On the 10th September, 1813, by the capture of the British squadron on Lake Erie, you covered yourself with glory, and justified the opinion of your estimation as a most valuable Naval Officer—long *antecedently entertained* by your countrymen. On the day subsequent to the anniversary of the glorious 10th of September in the following year, the gallant Commodore M'Donough defeated and captured the British flotilla on Lake Champlain. These illustrious actions grace the pages of your country's history.

One thousand years hence they shall not be forgotten—a grateful posterity will erect costly monuments and statues in commemoration of your valour.

With sentiments of high consideration,

I have the honour to remain,

Most respectfully, &c. &c.

ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

# INTRODUCTION.

## THE ALLEGANIAD.

INSCRIBED

TO THE GENIUS OF COLUMBIA.

European bards have sung their mountains high,
Whose heads ambitious seem'd to touch the sky.
Assembled Gods on proud OLYMPUS sate
In solemn councils, gravely to debate,
The lot of empires, and the laws of fate.
On proud PARNASSUS' laurel'd head,
Th' enchanting Muses virgin bed,
Near balm-diffusing roses blow,
And streams of inspiration flow.
While MARS through Europe drove his car,
The Muses midst the horrid jar,
Beheld the dreadful woes of War;
Trembling—they heard the thund'ring cannon's sound
Weeping—they saw the ensanguin'd fields around.
They sought the Sun's bright palace rich with gold,
Its mulciberian gates charm'd with their songs unfold.

Swift to APOLLO's throne the Nine repair,
And to their Patron God thus sung the Virgins fair:
"Sire of Song, of Harmony Divine,
'Tis thine with heav'nly rays o'er worlds to shine,
To grant our pray'r, Irradiate God, is thine.
'Midst murd'rous cannons awful roar,
Thro' slaughters fields impurpled o'er with gore,
Vengeance breathing, bloody Wars—
BELLONA drives th' insatiate MARS;
Follow their car, attendants dire,
Murder, rapine, rape and fire.
Genius to war devotes his pow'r,
Or low in dust is doom'd to cow'r;
By MARS inspir'd, Europe he wraps in flame,
Through floods of human blood he swims to fame;
Wealth, honour, praise, pursue the warriors name.
Ah! who shall quench this diabolic rage,
The sins of this abominable age?
Who shall the Muses fears assuage?
Lest men inured to crimes, grown bold
As haughty Giants did of old,
Should dare to invade our blest retreat,
Or stain with sacred blood the Muses' hallow'd seat!
Far from this world of blood and War,
O bear us in thy golden car;
With thee harmonious Lord of Day,
We'll pass through heav'ns enlighten'd way,
And o'er the wide ATLANTIC waves,
From lands of European slaves,
To where COLUMBIA's star-crown bright,
Diffuses round the floods of light;

Where dove-ey'd Peace, and gen'rous Freedom's spel
Inspire the sacred fire, the Muses love to dwell."
Thus sweetly sung th' enchanting fair,
While from their silver harps resounds th' euphoniou
air:
When beauty pleads her dear request,
O stubborn is that haughty breast
Which can refuse:—but to each Muse,
What could th' am'rous Sire of Song refuse?
Enough, CALLIOPE, was there,
She who for him did ORPHEUS bear;
Respondent to the Muses lay,
Replied the gorgeous God of Day:
"Harmonious Nine, celestial Maids,
As you desire to quit your ancient shades
PHŒBUS consents; in recompense for this,
Seeks from each lovely Muse a balmy kiss.
The blushing Maids bestow'd the balmy bliss,
APOLLO ardent drank each nectar kiss.
The fiery courser's spring resounds the lash,
And flames divine around the chariot flash!—
Swift thro' the ether whirl'd the circling wheels,
And soon the West, Apollo's influence feels,
And to the Muses' view COLUMBIA's vales reveals.
The chariot stops amidst a flood of light,
The Fair descended from the chariot bright.
They struck their golden harps—melt reaps the snow,
And consecrated streams began to flow;
Fragrant myrtle-bow'rs to grow,
Various balmy-flow'rs to blow!

Aspiring ALLEGANIES grace my song,
To you superior strains belong.
Proudly in immortal verse
Shall future bards your fame rehearse.
The Virgin Nine, harmonious band,
Have chos'n COLUMBIA's happy land;
The Maids have fix'd their seat on thee,
On mountains lov'd by Liberty!

## SECTION II.

Enormous mountain! COTOPAXI rears
His heav'n aspiring head, disdains ours spheres!
His lofty top is veil'd in circling clouds,
An awful gloom his unseen face enshrouds.

Proudly he contemplates the realms below,
Wide rivers winding thro' vast vallies flow,
Sees the inferior ANDES bulky chain,
Two thousand miles their lengthen'd way maintain.
To stand on some huge rock in some lone cave,
While angry thunders round their summits rave,
How awfully sublime—earth quakes around,
While neighb'ring caves repeat the solemn sound.
Huge CHIMBORAZO, whose rock crown high,
Piercing thro' clouds, opposing—props the sky.
Inferior but to COTOPAXI's throne,
'Midst heav'nly snows thy genius dwells alone.
Soon may ye view long injur'd nations rise,
Resolv'd, unanimous, in councils wise,
And hearts inflam'd with Freedom's honor'd charms,
'Gainst tyrant FERDINAND to brandish arms,

Rise from the dust and spurn his iron sway,
No more IBERIA's myrmidons obey.
Your heads to heav'n, ye nations elevate,
Like our COLUMBIA both be free and great.
Before thee march the God of War
Illustrious BOLIVAR!
Victory owns thee as her son,
VENEZUELA her WASHINGTON!
Let tyrants to one common grave be hurl'd,
O'er the New World—Freedom's banners unfurl'd!
From southern realms, where war and rapine burn,
To themes more tranquil, wandering Muse! return.
Happy the man inur'd to healthful toil,
Who reaps the harvest, ploughs the grateful soil;
Happy the Farmer, who in comfort's cot,
Contendedly, in peace, enjoys his lot,
With home-made Ale, and blooming partner blest,
Alternate labor, and alternate rest.
With social glee, whose white-wash'd rooms resound,
Whose cheerful board, his ruddy sons surround,
Whose rosy daughters grace their father's side,
Their mother's hope, and aye, their father's pride.
But hark! I hear the blast of war,
I see Bellona's blood-stain'd car.

# CANTO IV.

"Forgive my playful measures wild,
And in the Poet view the child.

I.

'hat harbinger victorious tidings brings,
nd yonder soars on golden wings?
ams on the Solar God her bright undazzled eyes,
oclaims with peeaning trump some hero to the skies!

II.

is fame Columbia's warriors friend,
'is fame whose silver voice the golden arches rend,
proud Olympus' lofty heigth
e pow'r directs his loftier flight.

III.

Gods! who throng th' immortal hill,
ur fate whose nod, our law whose will,
h' eternal messenger croud round,
ttentive to the glorious sound.

IV.

ark! the celestial sounds—melodious, clear,
rrest the fascinated ear;
eads captive godlike minds away,
nchants th' enraptur'd realms of day!

For sake of thee have millions bled,
Illustrious, 'mongst the honor'd dead,
Whose souls uncurb'd by grov'ling clay,
Burst thraldom's chains and soar'd away,
On thy celestial wings to realms of endless day!

XIII.

Proud, angry, foes, from foreign lands,
Would plunge into thy valiant heart,
The dirk of death—COLUMBIA'S bands
Spar'd not their lives on freedoms part
For them their mourning brothers raise
Triumphant monuments of praise.

XIV.

ARM'STEAD, thy illustrious name
Is written on the rolls of fame!
Long as the earth endures, as long
Shall grace COLUMBIA'S epic song.

XV.

And thou, brave youth! whose cannon's fire
Flashing through night with carnage dire
Spread wounds, and death, and wild dismay,
With British blood ting'd the red bay!
A laurel-wreath, O WEBSTER'S—thine
Thy fame shall blaze while suns shall shine.

XVI.

The valiant NEWCOMB laurels won
For conduct brave at COVINGTON,
STEUART'S name, and gallant NICHOLSON'S,
Brave BERRY'S too, and PENNINGTON'S,

STANSBURY; FORMER, HARRIS, DYER,
INTREPID BIRD, who 'midst the fire
Of hostile hosts his troops inspire,
Your deeds shall grace the Muses page
Your worth admir'd from age to age!
Let WINDER'S name to honour dear,
Inscrib'd on the bright list appear.

XVII.

DONALDSON'S worth what muse can tell
Who bravely for his country fell?
For him bright glory spreads her arms
He rush'd through death to own her charms!
Oft o'er his grave shall flow th' elegiac tear,
His name to patriotism ever dear
Our sons in distant times revere

XVIII.

Great was the warrior I deplore
With tears of deep regret,
But he has reach'd a happier shore
Where valiant souls are met;
He left a blood impurpled field
Of trouble, care, and strife,
For heav'nly fields, which happiness yield
Of bliss and endless life.

TO

# LIEUT. COL. CROGHAN,

THE FIFTH CANTO OF THIS POEM IS DEDICATED.

*Baltimore, May*, 1817.

COLONEL,

The year 1812 constitutes an epocha in the history of your military life. To that brilliant period, (when under the auspice of success, you auspiciously commenced your career in arms) your's is the enviable pleasure of being able to recur with emotions of honourable and silent pride. Your achievements form an essential part of the history of your country, and long as letters are read, will your exploits be on record, to fill the hearts of Americans with triumph, as an example to inspire emulation in the breasts of your compatriots.

To the valiant warrior who nobly distinguished himself, in the midst of the brave at Forts Meigs and Stevenson—this tribute of respect is due. I despise the sycophants fallacious encomium; as the citizen of a land of Freedom, without reservation,

I deliver the genuine sentiments of my heart. Hardly-earn'd are the laurels of warriors: purchased at the cannon's mouth, in the domain of death—red battle's field; under the indispensable labours of privations and fatigues. Your undaunted conduct at the first attack of Fort Meigs turned the eyes of the nation on a young officer, likely at some future day, to become the object of honour, and the theme of historians, poets, painters and sculptors. At Fort Stevenson your talents shone conspicuously; unavailing were the artifices of Proctor; abortive the contemptible menaces, the infamous promises, of the despicable traitor Elliot, to seduce you from your duty, you fought with bravery, with discretion, you persevered, you conquered. Had you imitated the cruelty of the opposing General who abandoned his wounded, notwithstanding your valour, you would have been unworthy of the proud American name; but the benevolence you demonstrated to the fallen soldiers of the discomfitted foe, regards your character as a man.

The return of peace, affords leisure to pursue those important studies and occupations, which, should again the torch of Bellona flare in the United States, may fit you to sustain the highest station of command. History, biography, eloquence in composition, and fluency of speech, are valuable acquisitions, in all; unite these to the necessary acquirements of the officer who ardently desires to attain

eminence and disdains not to labour for it, and only a premature decease, will prevent your elevation to the pinnacle of military renown. How assiduous should the officer be who has acquired a reputation, since into every subsequent action he enters, that reputation is at stake.

Sir—I do not apologize for mentioning Captain Elliot's name in the same page which is adorned with yours. Whatever is excellent appears more so by *contrast*, as "pearls upon an Ethiop's arm."

With sentiments of high consideration,

I remain most respectfully,

Yours, &c.

ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

# INTRODUCTION.

The winter winds so bleak and shrill,
Are whist'ling o'er the naked hill,
Across the dreary moorlands blow,
And sweep along the drifted snow.

See! the virgin flakes descending
  Clothe the naked mountain's brow,
From the leafless trees depending
  Icicles with the brilliance glow!

Lo! the rude Borean king
  Rides upon the stormy cloud,
Around his icy tempests fling,
  And tombs the world in palid shroud!

Aw'd by Vandal frown severe,
Vassal nature, waste, and drear—
Despairing, shews her bosom bare,
Mar'd by thy keen and sleety spear.

Silver streams no more are seen
Soft murm'ring thro' the meadows green,
Gliding rivers cease to glide,
The rough—the widely welt'ring tide.

Hark! foams again the Borean rage,
Stern pow'r! relentless, hoar'd with age,
Antiquity thy terrors saw,
And modern worlds obey the law.

Despot! from COLUMBIA—away!
Her sons abhor despotic sway;
For her the Phœbian God displays
The blazon of celestial rays,
Flashes immortal beams! inspires
The God-like warmth of Freedom's fires!
Go rule the Lap, the Fin, the Russ,
The barb'rous Goth, but rule not us.
Let beauteous Spring with lib'ral hand
Her flow'rs scatter o'er our land,
While Summer blithe and Autumn gay,
In the verdant meadows play;
Methinks already I survey
As beneath some oak I lay,
The shepherd, softly, as they stray
To the coy maid, his tender tale betray,
At beauty's shrine his homage pay,
Or weeps the truth he fears to say:
While Summer blithe with Autumn gay,
In the verdant meadows play,
May beaut'ous Spring with blooming hand
Shed roses sweet o'er MARYLAND;
Columbia blest beneath their sway,
Smiles the fair sister, queen'st obey.
And nature's blushing face owns the perennial d
But lo! th' Arcadian scene recedes,
Nor blooms the fields, nor laughs the meads,

No sound is heard of tuneful reeds,
But nature's wounded bosom bleeds.
He hears me not—the stormy king!
No ORPHEUS 'tis who sweeps the string,
Else as immortal poets say,
Nature would instantly obey.
The leafless trees, and fields so drear,
Th' inclement season of the year,
Distressful Winter dulls the scene,
Fills half the city folks with spleen.
Boy! heap more wood upon the fire,—
Come all on earth whom I desire,
My darling LYDIA fill my glass,
Now drink one half—my bonny lass;
Now join those nectar lips with mine,
Inspire me with a look divine,
And dost thou mourn that bloody Mars,
Should fill the world with guilty wars?
And dost thou, charming Maid, deplore
The brave who died for Baltimore?
Too noble to the foe to yield,
They died in honours glorious field!
Far from the strifes and toils of this,
Inhabit now the realms of bliss.

# CANTO V.

"Ah! who can tell, how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

*Beatties' Minstrel.*"

---

## I.

What names are on the rolls of fame,
Whose glories does the pow'r proclaim?
Muse, her favourite sons unfold:
"In brilliant characters of gold,
"Illustrious JACKSON—chieftain bold!
"Who bade the flag of vict'ry wave
"Where *Orleans* views the Britons grave.
Immortal BROWN, where heroes war,
His is a place in vict'ry's car.

## II.

"DECATUR taught the stubborn Dey,
"Columbia's mandate to obey:
"He broke the slavish iron chain,
"Bade weeping captives smile in Freedom's land
again.

III.

"The rolls of Fame with names are full,
"RODGERS, PORTER, BAINBRIDGE, HULL,
"Your names in golden letters glow
"With BURROWS, PERRY, JONES, and M'DONOUGH.

IV.

"But endless were the task for me,
"T' enum'rate all their names to thee,
"Of those whose glorious fates appear
"By Fame belov'd, to Glory dear,
"Many who live, and many more
"Who bravely died for Baltimore."

V.

"What fate malicious kept thee far,
"Young minstrel, from the seat of War?
"And under burning zones confin'd
"A patriot's soul, and ardent mind?
"His country was thy father's pride,
"And in her honour'd cause—he died!
"O did oblivion's current roll
"Its tides LETHEAN o'er thy soul?"

VI.

Forget the land which gave me birth!
This hallow'd portion of the earth!
Where INDEPENDENCE loves to live,
And Freedom's sacred fire to thrive,

O Muse! should such a day arrive,
Me of my much lov'd lyre deprive—
Nor once a dastard's breast inspire
With one small spark of heav'nly fire!

## VII.

Had I a thousand lives to save,
I'd yield those thousand to the grave,
In my country's glorious cause,
To preserve her Freedom—Laws.
Let but the day of danger come,
The battle's field shall be my home;
With my last throb, and latest sigh,
I'll glory in the cause I die.

TO

# THE MEMBERS

OF

## THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

*Baltimore, May,* 1817.

GENTLEMEN,

The year 1769 constitutes a remarkable epocha ı the history of nations; in this year were born vo of the greatest Generals Europe ever contem- ıated, viz: the Emperor NAPOLEON the First, and ıe Duke of WELLINGTON; and in this year the rst American Philosophical Society was instituted my native city Philadelphia: as if Providence ık ordained philosophy to assuage the calamities war. The important services which since that emorable period rendered your diurnally improv- g country, and the cause of Literature in general, serve the warmest acknowldgments of your fellow izens. To whose patronage, Gentlemen, could I

with more propriety, than to you, dedicate a volume designed to celebrate the resplendent actions of our compatriots—the Heroes of Baltimore; since it was under the sacred auspice of patriotism the American Philosophical Society was established.

My highest ambition is to merit your applause. With earnest wishes for the increasing prosperity of so excellent an establishment as that of which you are the members.

I have the honour to remain,

With sentiments of profound consideration,

Gentlemen,

Your fellow citizen,

And obedient humble servant,

ANGUS UMPHRAVILLE.

# INTRODUCTION.

Absorb'd in thought's beguiling train,
Bold, wild chimeras float athwart the brain,
His soul, uncurb'd by earth's restrictive reins,
The narrow confines of one world disdains;
Longs to contemplate with limitless view,
The heav'ns high canopy, and voidful blue,
Bursts thro' the clouds of error's darken'd way,
Breathes purer air, enjoys more perfect day;
Imbibes the æther of the glowing sky,
Feels kindred fires enkindled in his eye,
Labours in vain his feelings to express,
Then strives to clothe his thoughts in rich poetic
dress.
Such MILTON's feelings, tho' depriv'd of sight,
O'er his dark eye-balls hung the clouds of night,
O'er his wrapt soul broke floods of heav'nly light!
Thus NEWTON's vast immeasurable soul
Soar'd, 'midst the stars, and spurn'd unjust control,
Shall this dark ball, man's heav'n-born soul contain,
Degrade his glory, and his mind enchain?
Unhappy being! forbear this vaunting strain,
From lofty themes thy daring hand refrain,

Return from heav'n, behold the earth again,
'Tis folly thy condition to disdain,
Excess of Wisdom is a world of pain!
Would'st thou be rich, discard the sacred lyre,
Extinguish now APOLLO's heav'nly fire,
Learn from the world to hoard the useful pelf,
Let mighty love all centre in yourself.
Spurn the 'unhappy, scorn the helpless poor,
And drive the sons of mis'ry from your door;
But for the great, your lib'ral table spread,
And wealth shall show'r her paper on your head.
Why can'st thou not for wealth to meanness bend
Who is not proud to be the rich man's friend?
Bow to the mud, thou stubborn soul! for know
Pale PENURY's heirs are doom'd to breathe in woe,
In their hard road no fragrant roses blow,
On the thorn'd path their endless tears shall flow
On themes like this—why should I ponder sore?
My grief is due to thee, fair maid of Baltimore.

# CANTO VI.

"Il vero condito in molli versi
"I pui schivi allettando ha persuaso.
"Cosi el egro funciul porgiam aspersi
"Di soave licor gli orli del vaso."

*Tasso.*

Alas! that dearest friends should part,
That grief should break a maiden's heart;
That mis'ry to the untimely tomb,
Should drag the fair in beauty's bloom.
O had you seen Columbia's pride,
As erst she trod our river's side,
You would have deem'd the zephyr blest,
Which died away upon her breast,
And wish'd in fluid streams to glide,
And clasp her shadow in your tide.
Not half so splendid to the view,
Heav'ns gorgeous bow of various hue,
Not all the Suns which gold the sky,
Shone with such lustre as her eye.
Angels taught her breasts to rise
Ambitious to their natal skies,
And angels gently sunk them low,
To feel the sad complaint of woe.

O! who could know and not adore,
The charming maid of Baltimore?
Edwin, I vow, a noble youth,
Endu'd with loveliness and truth,
As the rose-bud blooming fair,
Dies beneath the Borean air,
Liv'd but to feel despair's deep blow,
Then sunk beneath the iron foe.
As the tall poplar rears its branches high,
Inconscious of a frowning sky;
So Edwin rose—in beauty's bloom,
Nor dreamt of fate's disastrous doom.
When ros'd Aurora blushes dawn,
Hast thou ne'er seen the agile fawn—
Bounding, blithesome, careless, gay,
Dancing the laughing hours away,
Unthinking, playsome animal!
This day the Hunter dooms thy fall,
How soon alas! thy frolic o'er,
Ere long and thou shalt game no more.
Hark! e'en now the winding horn
Insults thy trembling heart with scorn;
Swift horses spurn the plain, and hark!
The yelping dogs discordant bark,
Strange mingled sound disturbs the dell,
Poor Fawn—it is thy fun'ral knell;
Rise and surpass thy swiftest speed,
Rise quickly—or e'en now you bleed,
Rise! quickly rise!—but ah!—in vain—
Stern fate decrees: thou shalt be slain.
The blood-hounds fasten on his breast,
Glut their red jaws and tear his crest!

So gentle Edwin, like the Fawn,
Decreed to death in day's gay dawn,
Transfix'd by the barbed shaft of death,
Must yield to Fate his fleeting breath.
Who that beheld young Edwin bloom,
Would think upon the fatal tomb?
Who would not augur lengthen'd days,
Wealth, and bliss, and warriors bays?
Ere love malicious aim'd the envenom'd dart,
And bade its rankling poison tear his heart.
Long had young Edwin lov'd the fair,
With blooming lips and auburn hair,
With speaking eyes of heav'nly blue,
And cheeks which shamed the roses hue.
The tender maid his troth return'd,
And with a mutual love they burn'd.
Their choice no cruel guardian's blame,
Parental sanction fann'd the flame.
But ah! before the marriage day—
War call'd the gallant youth away,
"Adieu, my dear, I cannot stay,
"My country calls, I must obey.
"From Albion's land our Freedom's foes,
"Are come to fill the land with woes,
"Your Edwin cannot taste repose;—
"I haste th' invaders t' oppose.
"I would not stay thee—Edwin, no!
"Brave youth, where honour calls thee—go,
"My father, brother, both are gone,
"And I to weep am left alone.
"Go seek the field, my love, and Oh!
"Protect my sire from foeman's blow."

Now flowing tears her sorrow speak,
He kiss'd the pearl-drops from her cheek,
Presses her hand, then sad and slow,
He march'd to meet the British foe.
Ten days elaps'd, a letter came,
Sign'd with her darling Edwin's name.
"Belov'd," he wrote, "at dawn we speed
"To Bladensburg—to live, or bleed,
"To live as freemen, or to die—
"The champions bold of Liberty.
"Whate'er my fair, may be my lot,
"By Edwin, thou art ne'er forgot.
"Should death decree thee never mine,
"My last sad thought shall be entirely thine."

"And shall I here in indolence reside,
"While from my Edwin's wounds may gush the purple tide,
"No, I will hasten to the fields of strife,
"Happy to share his toils, or save his life,
"E'en now in sight of heav'n I am my Edwins wife."
Thus virtuously resolv'd, the beauteous pilgrim sought
The fatal field—where her lov'd Edwin fought.
Lo! anxious maiden, on yon plain,
Thy much lov'd sire, thy brother slain!
Thy lover true, ah, hapless fair!
In gory death, behold him there!
Clos'd are those eyes which oft with rapture gaz'd,
Silent the tongue which oft thy beauty prais'd,
Cold are those lips which stole the hasty kiss,
Vanish'd all hopes of happiness and bliss!
Whose guardian hand shall now protect thy youth?
Whose lips inculcate love of heav'nly truth?

Whose shall provide thee cloathing, lodgement, food?
Thy hopes, alas! are drown'd in clotting blood,
Death tomb'd his arrow in thy father's breast,
His aged head with hoary honours drest,
Mangled and bloody, stains his dark blue vest!
Thy much lov'd brother, poor, adventrous boy!
His mother's hope, his sister's darling joy,
Fell bravely fighting by his father's side,
Lies scarce distinguish'd in the purple tide!
Thy lover!—yet he lives—hark! hark! his moan!
Yes! 'tis thy Edwin's, 'tis thy true-love's groan.
See! see! he struggles with the murd'rer death,
Haste e'er forever he resigns his breath.

Scorning while hope remain'd, to grief to yield,
The trembling maid rush'd thro' the fatal field,
O'er many a gallant warrior's corpse she sped,
O'er wounded heaps who for their country bled,
"O God, support me, 'midst this scene of woe!"
She cries, and down her cheeks the gushing sorrows flow.
The shocking sight no longer could she bear,
Her eyes averting—lo! her brother dear!
She speechless stood, and tore her loosen'd hair—
She would have fled—a groan arrests her ear—
Transfix'd, she stood—for Oh! her Edwin lies—
What wild despair glares in the maiden's eyes!
Bleeding, the suff'rer lies—'midst heaps of slain,
His limbs convuls'd in agony of pain!
"My love—my Edwin, live for me!" she cries,
He hears her well-known voice and ope's his eyes,
Gaz'd on the fair he lov'd, then groans and dies.

Dire, deep despair—a melancholy guest!
And moody grief impletes her tortur'd breast.
She bath'd her locks in her dead Edwin's gore—
Has reason fled—the maid of Baltimore?
Thro' that fell field with hurried steps she flies,
With bloodied lips—and hair, and haggard eyes—
"Ho! woman, stop," exclaim'd a rough rude voice,
"Well met, by heav'n, a pris'ner to my choice,
"Here on this field, where I your lover slew,
"A sight like Hampton—Bladensburg may view,
"By Cockburn's leave will I my crimes renew."
"Thou art not Edwin!" said the struggling maid,
"He's dead,—the roses on his cheeks will fade,—
"I'll sigh for grief—I'll weep for ev'ry woe,—
"Back to his grave—to Edwin will I go—
"On his cold grave, half-madden'd will I lie,
"And laugh aloud—and learn like him to die.
"Then to the sun shining so bright on high,
"His corpse, I'll gently carry to the sky!"
'Not e'en stark madness 'vails thee for relief,
'For I will sorrow add unto thy grief;
'Come, come without resistance, or I swear,
'I'll drag you madam madness by the hair!
'As your dead lover—you shall never see,
'And view this naked sword—come, follow me,
'With a good chain I'll bind your lilly hands,
'And you must now be under my commands.
'And when our army takes your Baltimore,
'I'll turn you off, for one whom I love more.'
Thus spoke the satrap in his ruffian arms,
He grasp'd the madden'd maid, her soul alarms,

She snatch'd his dagger—thro' his scarlet vest,
Plung'd the true blade, and pierc'd his guilty breast!
He staggers, curses, films o'erspread his eyes,
Convulsions seize his frame, he groans, and dies.
Swift from the place the trembling maiden flew,
'Till horror-struck—her lover's corse she knew,—
O'er the cold, outrag'd clay, she fell and cried—
"O God! my heart is broke"—and shriek'd, and died.

END OF THE SIEGE OF BALTIMORE.

Now Gen'ral Proctor gives the word
  The British legions fire;
War drew the trigger, bared the sword,
  And wounded men expire.

But hark! the charge, the trumpet sounds—
  A thousand horsemen forward rush'd;
Our soldiers fear'd nor death nor wounds,
  Full fifty foes they kill'd or crush'd.

Then instantly the warriors turn'd,
  Form'd quickly in their rear;
And to renew the charge they burn'd,
  When orders they should hear.

But panic seiz'd the Britons all,
  "Fix, fix your bayonets true!"
In vain their valiant leaders call—
  "Return your foes their due!"

Mute terror mingled in their ranks,
  And to the jackets blue;
On fam'd La Tranch's blood-stain'd banks,
  Four hundred seventy-two.

Surrender'd—to the soldiers brave,
  The starry flag who bare;
And they were pleas'd their lives to save,
  And British blood to spare.

Among the pris'ners were these three
  Bold British Colonels, they—
Evans, Warburton, Baubee,
  The fate of war obey.

When Proctor saw lost was the day,
He fled La Tranche's plain;
A carriage bore the chief away
Who ne'er return'd again.

Under an escort of dragoons,
In number seventy-eight;
Safe both from danger and from wounds,
He fled war's dire debate.

Fierce on the left the battle rag'd,
For with unusual skill,
Tecumseh's warriors ours' engag'd,
And many wound and kill.

The valiant Colonel JOHNSON leads
His brave battalion on;
Heads them to dare illustrious deeds—
Laurels by which are won.

Against Tecumseh's army's flank
A vig'rous charge he made;
Of death's cold cup how many drank!
How many widow's made.

The Indian chief immediate dealt
A most tremendous fire;
The shock was most severely felt—
Americans expire!

Yet steadily our troops advance
In columns firm and strong;
Dangers valour's price enhance
And animates the throng:

To break the line of Indian foes—
At onset th' attempt prov'd vain;
The swamp and thicket interpose,
Johnson resolv'd t' attempt again.

So when of bullets many rounds
Deadly exchange! were fir'd;
And many died of gastly wounds
Shortly our bands respir'd.

"Dismount!" the Colonel sternly cried,
Quickly both columns obey—
With Indians, Indian modes he tried,
Beat them in their own way.

Now brave Kentuckians, warmly—charge!
The brave Kentuckians flew;
With the loud muskets dire discharge,
With bayonets, swords, they slew.

O dreadful is the sound of War,
When such as these engage!
Dreadful the scene, the murd'rous jar,
When hostile armies rage!

Now thro' the broken Indian line
Our warriors urge their way;
And in their rear our armour shine,
Bright as the beam of day.

Their force collecting to the right
To force our infantry,
The desp'rate Indians bend their might,
Their genius heav'd a sigh.

For Gen'ral Desha, soldier brave!
  Th' infantry commands,
Who to disgrace prefers the grave.
  Bold as his sturdy bands.

Yet hardly could they bear the shock
  Of this dreadful attack;
As spurns the wave, the ocean-rock
  The noble Shelby drove them back.

Five gushing wounds painful and deep,
  The Colonel's vest distain'd,
Blood as from fountains five did weep,
  He to retire disdain'd.

His milk-white charger proud and hot,
  Whose nostrils foam'd with fire;
Twice was he pierc'd with bullet shot,
  Swift spurn'd the slain in ire,

Till where before his master, stood—
  And rage possess'd his soul
Tecumseh, valiant man of blood!
  Who shall his pow'r controul?

Nor word spoke he, red lightnings glare
  Destruction from his eyes;
His tomahawk blood-bedropt in air
  Raising—he falls! he dies!

For soon the wounded Colonel knew
  The mighty chieftain well,
With pistol ball Tecumseh slew—
  And then, exhausted, fell.

To break the line of Indian foes—
At onset th' attempt prov'd vain;
The swamp and thicket interpose,
Johnson resolv'd t' attempt again.

So when of bullets many rounds
Deadly exchange! were fir'd;
And many died of gastly wounds
Shortly our bands respir'd.

"Dismount!" the Colonel sternly cried,
Quickly both columns obey—
With Indians, Indian modes he tried,
Beat them in their own way.

Now brave Kentuckians, warmly—charge!
The brave Kentuckians flew;
With the loud muskets dire discharge,
With bayonets, swords, they slew.

O dreadful is the sound of War,
When such as these engage!
Dreadful the scene, the murd'rous jar,
When hostile armies rage!

Now thro' the broken Indian line
Our warriors urge their way;
And in their rear our armour shine,
Bright as the beam of day.

Their force collecting to the right
To force our infantry,
The desp'rate Indians bend their might,
Their genius heav'd a sigh.

For Gen'ral DESHA, soldier brave!
  Th' infantry commands,
Who to disgrace prefers the grave,
  Bold as his sturdy bands.

Yet hardly could they bear the shock
  Of this dreadful attack;
As spurns the wave, the ocean-rock
  The noble SHELBY drove them back.

Five gushing wounds painful and deep,
  The Colonel's vest distain'd;
Blood as from fountains five did weep,
  He to retire disdain'd.

His milk-white charger proud and hot,
  Whose nostrils foam'd with fire;
Twice was he pierc'd with bullet shot,
  Swift spurn'd the slain in ire,

Till where before his master, stood—
  And rage possess'd his soul
Tecumseh, valiant man of blood!
  Who shall his pow'r controul?

Nor word spoke he, red lightnings glare
  Destruction from his eyes;
His tomahawk blood-bedropt in air
  Raising—he falls! he dies!

For soon the wounded Colonel knew
  The mighty chieftain well,
With pistol ball Tecumseh slew—
  And then, exhausted, fell.

The wounded conq'ror was remov'd,
One thousand Indians fight;
And Major THOMPSON valor prov'd,
Our men commands aright.

TECUMSEH's voice no more they hear
Dismay'd the Indians fled;
Exclaiming as they flew in fear
"The Prophet's chief is dead!"

And think'st thou that brave Harrison
By cruelty might blot
The laurels his bold arms have won?
Ah! then, thou know'st him not.

The wounded of both armies share
Alike his pity own;
The foe subdu'd divides his care
To both his kindness shewn.

The Hero of La Tranche shall live
In many a Minstrel's song,
And kisses to his lips to give
Shall many a maiden long.

Oft to La Tranche's battle field,
In future times shall trav'ler come;
To mute reflection's pow'r to yield,
And gaze on lowly warriors tomb.

"Here" shall he say: "Our soldiers stood,
"There th' Indians num'rous host;
"Here the gallant Johnson's blood,
"There died the Shawanœan boast.

And aye the silver-sounding lyre,
  By La Tranche's conscious stream:
The Muse shall wake to themes of fire,
  Recall the blaze of battle's beam.

Glory to heroes bold belong,
  On hist'ry's page their names shine bright;
For them shall sound triumphal song,
  Who fell in this victorious fight.

God prosper fair Columbia's arms,
  On land and on the sea;
And may her sons e'er prize the charms
  Of dear-bought Liberty.

## THE BOWER OF CONTEMPLATION.

I.

Thou Passenger, whose curious feet
Hath led thee to this simple seat,
Thrice welcome to this still retreat,
This Bower of Contemplation sweet.

II.

While beaming Phœbus flames on high,
Bright sov'reign of the star-stud sky,
And downward darts his fervid blaze,
Inflames the earth with ardent rays:

III.

Here shelter'd from the garish eye
Of scorching noon, reclining lie,
And careless of ambition's sway,
Warble the fleeting hours away.

IV.

Or with the Muses favor ripe,
Here softly tune the Arcadian pipe,

Wake the lute, or silver lyre,
And sing whate'er the Nine inspire.

V.

Or pond'ring o'er some ancient sage,
Renew the scenes of classic age,
See heroes rise, long laid and low,
And hear the silent trumpets blow.

VI.

Recall the sound of HOMER'S voice,
And bid victorious GREECE rejoice;
ULYSSES plans, lo! flames destroy
The heav'n-built walls of guilty Troy.

VII.

Or melting with the Mantuan lyre,
Dissolve in tears away;
See! hostile Gods the Trojan's fate dispute,
Toss'd on tempestuous seas, condemn'd awhile to stray.

VIII.

Survey the beaut'ous Punic queen,
Supreme—alas! in woe,
Doom'd by fateful pow'rs unseen,
Her tears forever flow.

IX.

Sichæus by Pygmalion slain,
She, hapless relict! cross'd the stormy main,
From blood-stain'd Tyre to Afric's wilds she came,
And rear'd on foreign shores the Carthagenian name.

Now Gen'ral Proctor gives the word
  The British legions fire;
War drew the trigger, bared the sword,
  And wounded men expire.

But hark! the charge, the trumpet sounds—
  A thousand horsemen forward rush'd;
Our soldiers fear'd nor death nor wounds,
  Full fifty foes they kill'd or crush'd.

Then instantly the warriors turn'd,
  Form'd quickly in their rear;
And to renew the charge they burn'd,
  When orders they should hear.

But panic seiz'd the Britons all,
  "Fix, fix your bayonets true!"
In vain their valiant leaders call—
  "Return your foes their due!"

Mute terror mingled in their ranks,
  And to the jackets blue;
On fam'd La Tranch's blood-stain'd banks,
  Four hundred seventy-two.

Surrender'd—to the soldiers brave,
  The starry flag who bare;
And they were pleas'd their lives to save,
  And British blood to spare.

Among the pris'ners were these three
  Bold British Colonels, they—
Evans, Warburton, Baubee,
  The fate of war obey.

When Proctor saw lost was the day,
He fled La Tranche's plain;
A carriage bore the chief away
Who ne'er return'd again.

Under an escort of dragoons,
In number seventy-eight;
Safe both from danger and from wounds,
He fled war's dire debate.

Fierce on the left the battle rag'd,
For with unusual skill,
Tecumseh's warriors ours' engag'd,
And many wound and kill.

The valiant Colonel JOHNSON leads
His brave battalion on;
Heads them to dare illustrious deeds—
Laurels by which are won.

Against Tecumseh's army's flank
A vig'rous charge he made;
Of death's cold cup how many drank!
How many widow's made.

The Indian chief immediate dealt
A most tremendous fire;
The shock was most severely felt—
Americans expire!

Yet steadily our troops advance
In columns firm and strong;
Dangers valour's price enhance
And animates the throng:

To break the line of Indian foes—
At onset th' attempt prov'd vain;
The swamp and thicket interpose,
Johnson resolv'd t' attempt again.

So when of bullets many rounds
Deadly exchange! were fir'd;
And many died of gastly wounds
Shortly our bands respir'd.

"Dismount!" the Colonel sternly cried,
Quickly both columns obey—
With Indians, Indian modes he tried,
Beat them in their own way.

Now brave Kentuckians, warmly—charge!
The brave Kentuckians flew;
With the loud muskets dire discharge,
With bayonets, swords, they slew.

O dreadful is the sound of War,
When such as these engage!
Dreadful the scene, the murd'rous jar,
When hostile armies rage!

Now thro' the broken Indian line
Our warriors urge their way;
And in their rear our armour shine,
Bright as the beam of day.

Their force collecting to the right
To force our infantry,
The desp'rate Indians bend their might,
Their genius heav'd a sigh.

For Gen'ral DESHA, soldier brave!
  Th' infantry commands,
Who to disgrace prefers the grave,
  Bold as his sturdy bands.

Yet hardly could they bear the shock
  Of this dreadful attack;
As spurns the wave, the ocean-rock
  The noble SHELBY drove them back.

Five gushing wounds painful and deep,
  The Colonel's vest distain'd;
Blood as from fountains five did weep,
  He to retire disdain'd.

His milk-white charger proud and hot,
  Whose nostrils foam'd with fire;
Twice was he pierc'd with bullet shot,
  Swift spurn'd the slain in ire,

Till where before his master, stood—
  And rage possess'd his soul
Tecumseh, valiant man of blood!
  Who shall his pow'r controul?

Nor word spoke he, red lightnings glare
  Destruction from his eyes;
His tomahawk blood-bedropt in air
  Raising—he falls! he dies!

For soon the wounded Colonel knew
  The mighty chieftain well,
With pistol ball Tecumseh slew—
  And then, exhausted, fell.

The wounded conq'ror was remov'd,
One thousand Indians fight;
And Major THOMPSON valor prov'd,
Our men commands aright.

TECUMSEH's voice no more they hear
Dismay'd the Indians fled;
Exclaiming as they flew in fear
"The Prophet's chief is dead!"

And think'st thou that brave Harrison
By cruelty might blot
The laurels his bold arms have won?
Ah! then, thou know'st him not.

The wounded of both armies share
Alike his pity own;
The foe subdu'd divides his care
To both his kindness shewn.

The Hero of La Tranche shall live
In many a Minstrel's song,
And kisses to his lips to give
Shall many a maiden long.

Oft to La Tranche's battle field,
In future times shall trav'ler come;
To mute reflection's pow'r to yield,
And gaze on lowly warriors tomb.

"Here" shall he say: "Our soldiers stood,
"There th' Indians num'rous host;
"Here the gallant Johnson's blood,
"There died the Shawanœan boast.

And aye the silver-sounding lyre,
  By La Tranche's conscious stream:
The Muse shall wake to themes of fire,
  Recall the blaze of battle's beam.

Glory to heroes bold belong,
  On hist'ry's page their names shine bright;
For them shall sound triumphal song,
  Who fell in this victorious fight.

God prosper fair Columbia's arms,
  On land and on the sea;
And may her sons e'er prize the charms
  Of dear-bought Liberty.

## THE BOWER OF CONTEMPLATION.

I.

Thou Passenger, whose curious feet
Hath led thee to this simple seat,
Thrice welcome to this still retreat,
This Bower of Contemplation sweet.

II.

While beaming Phœbus flames on high,
Bright sov'reign of the star-stud sky,
And downward darts his fervid blaze,
Inflames the earth with ardent rays:

III.

Here shelter'd from the garish eye
Of scorching noon, reclining lie,
And careless of ambition's sway,
Warble the fleeting hours away.

IV.

Or with the Muses favor ripe,
Here softly tune the Arcadian pipe,

Wake the lute, or silver lyre,
And sing whate'er the Nine inspire.

V.

Or pond'ring o'er some ancient sage,
Renew the scenes of classic age,
See heroes rise, long laid and low,
And hear the silent trumpets blow.

VI.

Recall the sound of HOMER's voice,
And bid victorious GREECE rejoice;
ULYSSES plans, lo! flames destroy
The heav'n-built walls of guilty Troy.

VII.

Or melting with the Mantuan lyre,
Dissolve in tears away;
See! hostile Gods the Trojan's fate dispute,
Toss'd on tempestuous seas, condemn'd awhile to stray.

VIII.

Survey the beaut'ous Punic queen,
Supreme—alas! in woe,
Doom'd by fateful pow'rs unseen,
Her tears forever flow.

IX.

Sichæus by Pygmalion slain,
She, hapless relict! cross'd the stormy main,
From blood-stain'd Tyre to Afric's wilds she came,
And rear'd on foreign shores the Carthagenian name.

## THE BOWER OF CONTEMPLATION.

I.

Thou Passenger, whose curious feet
Hath led thee to this simple seat,
Thrice welcome to this still retreat,
This Bower of Contemplation sweet.

II.

While beaming Phœbus flames on high,
Bright sov'reign of the star-stud sky,
And downward darts his fervid blaze,
Inflames the earth with ardent rays:

III.

Here shelter'd from the garish eye
Of scorching noon, reclining lie,
And careless of ambition's sway,
Warble the fleeting hours away.

IV.

Or with the Muses favor ripe,
Here softly tune the Arcadian pipe,

Wake the lute, or silver lyre,
And sing whate'er the Nine inspire.

V.

Or pond'ring o'er some ancient sage,
Renew the scenes of classic age,
See heroes rise, long laid and low,
And hear the silent trumpets blow.

VI.

Recall the sound of HOMER's voice,
And bid victorious GREECE rejoice;
ULYSSES plans, lo! flames destroy
The heav'n-built walls of guilty Troy.

VII.

Or melting with the Mantuan lyre,
Dissolve in tears away;
See! hostile Gods the Trojan's fate dispute,
Toss'd on tempestuous seas, condemn'd awhile to stray.

VIII.

Survey the beaut'ous Punic queen,
Supreme—alas! in woe,
Doom'd by fateful pow'rs unseen,
Her tears forever flow.

IX.

Sichæus by Pygmalion slain,
She, hapless relict! cross'd the stormy main,
From blood-stain'd Tyre to Afric's wilds she came,
And rear'd on foreign shores the Carthagenian name.

"Of all the Gods, none dare but only I,
"To drive the rapid chariot through the sky."
"Recall thy words, my son, you may,
"Ah! cease t'importune, I cannot tell thee—nay."
"By Styx I've sworn, O fatal oath to me,
"Rash made by thy request, and fatal too to thee!
Lo! now Phæton in the morn of youth,
Not till too late persuaded of the truth!
Holds in his strippling hands the golden rein,
With which, scarce Phœbus can the steed restrain.
A flood of radiance round his forehead streams,
A flood celestial of immortal beams,
The fiery coursers spring, resounds the lash,
And flames divine around the chariot flash.
The circling wheels through tracts unknown rebound,
And paths unknown with tramping hoofs resound,
Th' impetuous coursers drag the whirling car,
And desolation marks the earth from far.
The mountains flame, the fertile plains on fire,
And the scorch'd earth just ready to expire!
Till urg'd by mother earth's deep groans,
And all her children's dying moans.
Jove darts the bolted thunder, lo!
Phæton feels the death-fraught blow,
See! see! he falls, a sullied smoaking corse,
And hell's deep-cavern'd vaults reverberate loud and hoarse:
As plung'd into black Styx polluted tide,
Its hellish genius' yell'd in dreadful pride.
But hark! the shrieks of wild despair,
See! see! she tears her horrent hair,

Madden'd by griefs envenom'd sting,
Around her ravish'd tresses fling.
The pining pow'r distressful guest!
Impletes the Phætontes breast,
They wash th' outrag'd corse with pious tears,
And call'd their brother, who nor sees, nor hears!
The king of Gods from heav'ns empyrean ark,
The moving scene contemplates, dark
Sorrow clouds his awful brow,
And tears (if tears from heav'nly eyes can flow)
Fast trickling down his venerable face,
Gives to the mourning pow'r an inexpressive grace.
Mercy and pity urge their concert pleas,
He chang'd the sisters into senseless trees!
Departs with human form remembrance of their woe
Their hearts no longer bleed, their tears no longer
flow.
Or, stranger, haply here thy noon engage,
O'er the sage Lesbian's faithful page,
Where life's checquer'd web is wide display'd,
Where virtue's laurels bloom, and vice's colors fade.
Hail Plutrarch! partial only to the great,
Th' intrinsic great, the jewels of a state,
Thy praises ever just, thy censures wise,
Thine is the faithful Biographer's prize.
Friend to virtue, friend to youth,
Thy works eternal are as truth;
Thy pages, flames divine inspire,
And fill the gen'rous breast with patriot fire.
But why the names of lore rehearse?
(Invidious is the pedant verse!)

Not volumes could suffice to note
The beauties which the sages wrote.
To paint the energy divine
Of each sweet enchanting line,
Glowing, forceful, soft, or fine.
Th' historians ample page illume,
Off'ring delighted minds' perfume.
But should a modern fancy choose,
Britannia's worthies to peruse;
As rich a banquet may employ thy time
Miltonian pages, heav'nly and sublime.
Hark! 'tis heav'n's harmonious quires,
Angels strike their golden lyres,
And enraptur'd seraphs raise,
Symphonious notes of tributary praise,
And prostrate the Omnipotent adore.
Why starts my soul? Why this tremendous roar?
Rebellious Satan and the heirs of hell
Invade the porch of heav'n's immortal door.
See! the bright armies of the living God
Confound the invaders, whelmn'd in blazing flood,
To bottomless abyss—the dæmon's plan,
Man's disobedience, and the fall of man.
Now softly sounds the poet's voice,
Rejoice, ye sons of men, rejoice!
IMMANUEL'S born, the PRINCE of PEACE,
Bids your warring passions cease,
Let Faith, and Hope, and Charity abound,
Hush'd be war's discordant sound,
Th' heav'nly fount of bliss behold,
And flowing streams of life more precious far than gold.

On Calvary's cross in agony he dies,
Implores forgiveness with his dying eyes,
For sinful man propitiates the skies.
Purchas'd atonement by his guiltless blood
And offers to the human soul ambrosial food.
Here may'st thou pouring o'er the lay
Of Chauser, Collins, Young or Gay:
To Dryden list in English tongue
Sing all Ausonian Virgil sung.
Or give a varied fancy scope,
Wide in the writings of a Pope.
With Tickell weep lamenting in a breath,
"That Craggs succeeds to Addison in death."
With Akenside imagination's bliss disclose,
Or roam Collosian Johnson's wealthy prose,
Delighted gaze while Thompson paints the year,
Or charming White's infantine music hear:
As in the groves of Clifton, he
Awoke the lyre of melody;
With Burns delight in highland plaid,
To sing the charms of highland maid;
Or weep for grief while Allan Ramsay,
Sings of death and auld Robin Gray.
Or scan the Laureate's Orlean maid,
With Cambria's prince another world invade,
And thro' th' Atlantic to Madoca wade.
O'er tales replete with horror dwell,
And while your anguish'd feelings swell,
Confess the poet's art, the mighty spell,
The magic pow'r of singing well.
Or lest ideal woe thy real bliss accloy,
List the sweet carrol of the Farmer's Boy,

As his melodious soul he softly breathes,
Under some hawthorn tree adorn'd with floreal wreat
And softly gliding to his woodland notes,
O'er Wye's pellucid stream the murm'ring echo flo:
But hark! the harp of minstrelsy,
Strains of invaluable worth,
Oh Scott! thou Scotia's tuneful son,
Well thou rich merit's meed hath won,
Thine are the poet's greenest bays,
Thine is the palm of judgment's praise;
The buried chiefs of yore survive,
In thy immortal strains they live!

Now let us breathe Columbia's air,
Land of love and ladies fair,
The lov'd abode of Liberty,
The noble guardian of the sea.

Ah! shall I sing a single song,
And not remember WASHINGTON?
Blest name! what recollections proud
Attendant on my mem'ry croud—
His is a gorgeous wreath, indeed!
His is the warrior's sweetest meed.
Oh! hast thou not some nobler lay
To speak his worth, ye Muses! say,
His in whose soul united blend
The Hero, Father, and the Friend.
In Senates great, or battle field,
His voice, or sword, with pow'r to wield!
FRANKLIN—thy illustrious name
T' immortality lays claim,

## TRANSLATION.

Now all are hush'd—now each his voice restrains,
And silence thro' the regal palace reigns,
When from his lofty couch Æneas rose
And said: O queen! you wish me to disclose
The fate of Illion and the Trojan woes.
Alas! remembrance all my griefs renew,
And calls my cruel sorrows back to view,
Yet, at your wish the hist'ry I'll relate
Of that sad state, subdu'd by Grecian hate,
Relate her griefs! her agonizing throes!
Repeat her sorrows and record her woes!
What Myrmidon, his grief shall now restrain?
Or cruel Dolopium, his tears refrain?
Or what bold soldier of Ulysses fell!
Shall without weeping hear the tale I tell?
But see! the lucid regent of the night
Will soon withdraw her silv'ry beaming light.
The stars descending court dun Somnus' sway!
And soon bright Phœbus will relume the day!
Tho' grief and sorrow, swell my heaving breast;
Tho' heavy cares, press on my lab'ring chest:
And tho' the mind abhorrent back recoils,
And seeks oblivion's covert from her toils!
Yet, if so great is your desire to hear
The Phrygian woes, those woes will I declare:
Revolving years the jarring strife protract
Continued war the Grecian chiefs distract.

From levees, courts, and crouded balls,
From golden roofs, and regal halls,
Exil'd the meekly goddess flies,
And in your greenwood covert lies.
O nymph benign! O dwell with me!
I sought thee o'er the stormy sea,
And hard indeed will be my lot,
If in these shades I find thee not.
O hear my pray'r! propitious pow'r,
O deign to dwell within my bow'r,
A friend belov'd, a welcome guest,
Come lean upon thy lover's breast,
And hush my plaining voice to rest;
Inspire my tongue with pæans of joy,
To sing of hope, and Chloris coy,
And antedate the blissful day,
When love shall all my griefs repay;
When of the charming maid possest,
I fondly press her to my breast,
Thrice happy were the minstrel's lot,
With her to own the simple cot!

## AMORIS ELEGIACUM.

### I.

What is this unextinguishable fire?
This soft, this strange, this new desire?
Why heaves my trembling heart the frequent sighs?
Why tears of gall, in secret, swell my eyes?
Through my scorch'd veins—why now impetuous thrills
The fev'rish blood—now froz'n with icy chills?
Why do I love this heart-corroding flame—
And love to whisper fair Eliza's name?
Tho' Phœbus' self and all the sacred Nine
Inspire each thought, and modulate each line,
To speak thy worth, how vainly would aspire
E'en then, O matchless maid! my silver lyre,

### II.

Can partial artist's mimic dyes,
Paint th' expression of those radiant eyes?
Impotent the Muse, incapable is art
To paint those glances which can pierce the heart;
To teach like thine, his vermiel lips to glow,
Like thine, his portrait's roseate cheeks to blow.

With silver tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Heav'd from her heart I heard the frequent sighs,
Sable the simple vestment which she wore.
A golden anchor in her hand she bore,
Its legend "HOPE" I knelt, a cloud withdrew
The much-lov'd beauty from my ardent view.
Illusion all! imagination's dream,
Gone as the transient furrow of the stream;
Come moody melancholy, mournful guest,
With waves of woe o'erwhelm my troubled breast.
Ah fatal love! if love is shroud with care,
Ah fatal grief! if there be none to share.

And she was kneeled on one knee
And press'd the udders of the kee.
She saw me near, the roses fill'd her cheeks
She opes her winsome lips and thus she speaks:
"Guid mornin' bard o' Lugar's waves,
"Which naw in safter murm'ring laves,
"Wha' can resist the breef o' note,
"Breath'd frae dulcet Poet's throat?"

She spake an dartin frae above
Descends the bloomy God o' Love.
An' 'tent on mislear still.
Wee, cruel, slee, sweet curlie headed callan
He sent to my fiel yieldin' breast an arrow frae his han'
An a' my heart's wi' his sweet poison's fill.
Wha' hap, wha' joy, wha' wae, wha' bliss!
Was ever bardie served like this?
The sweet sensation thrills thro' all my veins,
I would have fled, but Love detains;
Sae prochin' to the bonny maid
I jouk fu' law, and sae I said:
"O ferley! wha'soe'er ye be
Or martal, or divinity,
Weel pleas'd I hear y'er phraisin saye
An tho' ye wi' my crambo play,
Thy phraise e'en Scott might proudly hear,
Wha' wakes the northern harp to steal the ears
Thou bonniest gem in a' Scotland,
Thou eerie nymph o' Lugar's strand,
Dons there ateen thoe hills o'snaw,
Thoe breasts sae sonsie, and sae brawe,
Pity which ay can wail anither's wae?

Relinquishes the blood-stain'd shores of other realm
Aspires to boast a freeman's glorious name!
To thee, O Liberty! benignant queen,
Owe we the blessings of prolific soil,
Thy steps attendant smiles and graces tread,
And laughing joy, and courage with bold eye,
And as thy snowy mantle flowing soft,
With gentle zephyr sports, contentment mild
The waving garment plucks, his tender eyes
Replete with filial love, fix'd o'er thy charms,
Like Orion stars diffusing humid beams.
See palm-crown'd plenty, prostrate at thy feet,
Showers her ample store from inexhausted horn;
While patriotism exulting views
The copious heap increasing all around.
Once, Liberty, wert thou, that pris'ner's friend,
'Twas when the youth hung on Columbia's breast,
But ah! childhood and youth are fled, and he forlorn
Recalls the days of years elaps'd with pain.

Scene changes to an English village.

Lo! where ensilver'd by thy beam, the village chur
Uprears its tap'ring spire, seeming to pierce
The lofty azure void, while all around
The scatter'd dwellings of the rustic swains,
Their modest faces show of fleecy hue;
Here white-wash'd palings fence the garden round,
There fructuous orchards bare their mellow store,
Which lowly bending court the farmer's hand,
Who as he passes, eyes the rosy load
And says within himself:—"Some market-day,
"Myself and Misses, Dan, Bet, Bill and Tom,

'Tis virtuous love which charms my days
Adds rapture to poetic bays;
Which sweetens a' my howres o' rest
And makes me Willie Grey the blest.
Saft on my gentle pipe I play,
My royal moments glide away,
On wings o' euphony they glide
And Jeanie ne'er is heard to chide.
Yet oft she'll come and crown my head
Wi' lovely flow'rs which odours shed,
Flow'rs nae sae douce, sae fair as she,
Bestow'd by her are dear to me!
My heart beats high, and thrills wi' bliss
When Jeanie gie's the honied kiss.
And tells me wi' a look divine,
A' tho' nae golden harp is mine
And tho' I play nae loud, nae fine,
Yet she admires my lowly sang,
Frae this bestows the flow'ry crown
And oft her arms are round me thrown,
The smile, the kiss, the tears which start,
Yield rapture to her lover's heart.
Nae cair o' gear my howres molest,
By thoughts ambitious ne'er opprest,
By mental fevers ne'er distrest,
Frae tho' my Jean's in russet drest
Yet still I'm Willie Grey the blest.

Relinquishes the blood-stain'd shores of other realm
Aspires to boast a freeman's glorious name!
To thee, O Liberty! benignant queen,
Owe we the blessings of prolific soil,
Thy steps attendant smiles and graces tread,
And laughing joy, and courage with bold eye,
And as thy snowy mantle flowing soft,
With gentle zephyr sports, contentment mild
The waving garment plucks, his tender eyes
Replete with filial love, fix'd o'er thy charms,
Like Orion stars diffusing humid beams.
See palm-crown'd plenty, prostrate at thy feet,
Showers her ample store from inexhausted horn;
While patriotism exulting views
The copious heap increasing all around.
Once, Liberty, wert thou, that pris'ner's friend,
'Twas when the youth hung on Columbia's breast,
But ah! childhood and youth are fled, and he forlorn
Recalls the days of years elaps'd with pain.

Scene changes to an English village.

Lo! where ensilver'd by thy beam, the village chur
Uprears its tap'ring spire, seeming to pierce
The lofty azure void, while all around
The scatter'd dwellings of the rustic swains,
Their modest faces show of fleecy hue;
Here white-wash'd palings fence the garden round,
There fructuous orchards bare their mellow store,
Which lowly bending court the farmer's hand,
Who as he passes, eyes the rosy load
And says within himself:—"Some market-day,
"Myself and Misses, Dan, Bet, Bill and Tom,

Suspensive zephyrs list'ning hung,
While muse-inspir'd the Minstrel sung:

III.

The song of praise, for JACKSON's name,
Rolls o'er the harp to notes of flame;
The Muse with pride of heroes sings,
Glad vict'ry claps her golden wings;
Fame, with an adamantine pen
Inscribes his glories on her roll;
His actions plain to hist'ry's ken,
Dear to the Nine, as they to Byron's lordly soul:
Lov'd as Eliza is by me;
Hallow'd as heav'nly poesy.

IV.

Golden epic harp, awake!
Loud symphonious music wake;
The valiant hero's praise proclaim,
Immortal be the verse immortal as his fame.

V.

Yes, I have mark'd thy stormy bay,
Black, boiling mountain waves—Biscay;
Such is the soul of hideous night,
'Tis his, who loves the blood of fight,
Who can in scenes of death delight,
To self-love meanly cow'rs, hostile to human right,
Who for ambition flies the peaceful grove,
And all th' endearments of an home and love,

Then comes a croud of little boys and girls,
With eager sparkling eyes, and open'd mouths,
Holding their ha'pence in their forward hands,
Each, all together, bawling: "serve me first!
"Here! apples here! one—three—four—for me!
"Let them be fine, and rosy cheek'd, like you!
"The best, the finest, largest—you have got."

"From the white castle high, on yonder hill,
"Then comes your prudish Mistress what d'ye-
"Housekeeper she, unto my Lord and Lady;
"A bateing thrifty dame, and scans the eggs,
"First asks, then smells, then scarce believes
"Then draws she off her gloves, and 'tween he
"And fore finger, raises the half-transparent
"'Till 'twixt bright Sol, and an half-open'd
"Th' eclipsing orb, a mid-day twilight mak
"Then would she know the price, and as she
"Exclaims 'gainst its enormity, and tells.
"How at the shop near by, good eggs are so!
"At half the price; but Bet, who knows he
"Tells also of the price of oat-meal,
"Of all the care and trouble, which the her
"Require;—talks of large rent to landlord
"Taxes to the king; and all the many chil
"Her mammy and myself, have to support
"Till madam as her custom is, relents
"By little and by little; bargains for all,
"Then walks away majestical, fill'd with
"T ordain her pies and puddings for my
"Sauces and trifles, whips and custards, t
"Tickle my lady's palate; delighting

Not always to the brave
Vict'ry belongs; but o'er the patriot-soldier's grave,
O'er those who fought not t' enslave,
Shall ever-living laurels wave.
Do such perennial laurels bloom
O'er Packenham's ensanguin'd tomb?
Oe'r British hosts untimely slain,
Who sleep the sleep of death in blood
On Orlean's fatal plain?
Why then ye British subject bands,
Why did ye seek Columbia's shore,
To slay her sons, destroy her lands,
With murd'rous guns, and flamy brands.
Alas! to shroud in your own gore?

'Tis silent, all who rest below,
Are deaf to e'en their mother's woe,
For them maternal tears unheeded flow.

When Jackson's, Carroll's, Coffee's bands appear'd,
Columbia's starry ensign high in air they rear'd.
They fought, three thousand Britons slew,
Swift from the field of death the remnant flew.
High would I notes of honour raise,
But oh! transcendant is our Jackson's praise,
Then Muse the daring theme refrain,
Check th' emulative strain,
Th' attempt is vain.
If high as heav'n the lofty notes I raise,
Naught could I add to Jackson's fame or praise!

Just when the Farmer laugh't at Mister John—
Just when Bill whisper'd of his gewgaw pledge—
The destin'd field they reach'd: Dan's sturdy limbs
The stubborn glebe remove, while prepar'd
With thorn-defending gloves, and pruning knife,
Whistling Bill adroitly trims the hedge,
Meanwhile the careful Farmer guides the plough,
Still views the ideal scene pictur'd in Fancy's eye,
Nor faints imagination 'neath the burning Sun,
But, thus soliloquizing, he renews the rural theme—
So much for fruit and eggs, and in their stead
Bright silver shillings stamp with George's head,
Jingle together in the leathern purse!
Then, shall Bessy bring for her good gran'um
A pair of spec'cles, to all appearance
Made to look like shining silver;
In neat shaggreen, or else red 'rocco case,
For Dan a pair of shoes brand new, for Bill
A nice new hat, and for little Tommy
A two-penny whistle! and I'll go myself
Some day or other, and buy the good girl
A gown for her own-self, a cap for Misses,
And some socks for me.
Then humm'd he loud a pleasant tune,
Smack't his long whip and urg'd his idle steed.

Ah! little knows he, poor, good natur'd man!
Of the incursions of destructive swarms,
Still undisturb'd, remains his peaceful breast.
How blind is man to future sorrows!
But thinks he of to-morrow, and he dreams
Of joys forth-coming on that happy day,

Imagination, bids the active soul
Dilate in scenes of bliss, and from the brow
Chases each low'ring, sable cloud of woe,
Bids th' enraptur'd soul immediately forestall,
The happiness of all the days to come.
None delight in fancied ills; save, luckless
He disastrous, whom conspiring powers of fortune,
Love of Song, and mind too keenly exquisite
Dissolve with dread of dark futurity,
Teeming with welming woes, too hard for man to bear?
Ah! bitter is the deadly nightshade, bitter indeed
To him, whose taste is finely exquisite,
And doubly bitter is the baleful cup foaming with grief
To him, who feels the pang, which when too rudely
touch'd,
Causes the worm to flinch. Alas! how often is the dirk
Plung'd in the heart of sensibility.
Chatterton, thy name is shroud with cypress!
O! tis another term for anguish inexpressible:
The bays which Phœbus in Lividia planted
And fondly called by his fav'rite's name
Have pin'd, and droop'd, and died away.
Plutus, thy father's foe, beheld his child,
And frown'd, and turn'd away; lur'd by the tawdry
glitter
Of the bard, the Naids of the streams pursu'd
His steps uncertain thro' the winding vales,
Apollo saw, and press'd his offspring, closer
To his flaming breast; alas! too fervent
Was the sire's embrace, th' unhappy plant
Perish'd beneath the more than torrid blaze,

Fell poverty the mandate sign'd, stern death
Atchiev'd with murd'rous hand his purple end—
While Wealth and Walpole gaz'd and smil'd.
O! thou poor martyr of an iron scourge,
O White! for thee this briny tear steals down
My burning cheek;
Accept these cordial drops, and these sad sighs
Which from my inmost soul ascends to thee;
Methinks I see thee! angel as thou art!
Thy face irradiate with celestial light,
Thy soul enraptur'd, 'dorn'd with unsullied vesture,
Standing before the effulgent throne of deity,
Thy bright eye beams with pure seraphic glow,
Thy flusht cheek blooms with immortal roses,
Cull'd in paradise. Hark! I hear
Thy Lyre, I hear entrac'd with extacy!
But ah! no words can tell the heav'nly euphony.
'Midst saints and angels in the bright empyrean,
Stands the happy youth, hymning in seats of joy
His great Creator's praise.
Tho' not to me is given to enjoy
Thy friendship in this earthly sphere,
When God shall call me from this world of woe,
O! may my soul transported meet, and embrace
Thy spirit, in yon bright realms of bliss!

## TRANSLATION OF A GREEK EPITAPH

INSCRIBED ON THE TOMB OF

# THE PHILOSOPHER PLATO,

IN ONE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN ISLES.

---

Say sov'reign of the plumy regions, say:
Whose tomb is this o'er which you wing your way?
Or dost thou soar sublime to view the Gods?
T' explore the starry realms their bright abodes?

Beneath this tomb is mortal PLATO laid,
At Athens he the debt to nature paid,
Behold in me the immortal Plato flies,
'Bove high Olympus to the lofty skies.

[Plato taught the doctrine of the Metempsychosis or the transmigration of souls from one body to another, immediately ensuing on the natural decease of each body. The opinion of his disciples that on his soul's departing the form of a man, it had entered the body of an Eagle is the subject of the preceding inscription.]

VIRGIL ÆNEID. Lib. I. l. 691. 698.

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat: et fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.
Jmaque ibat dicto parens, et dona Cupido
Regia portabat Tyriis, duce lætus Achate.
Cum venit, aulæis jam se Regina superbis
Aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.

## TRANSLATION.

But Venus o'er the blooming boy diffus'd
A placid rest, and sleep his brow suffus'd,
Softly reclining on her downy breast
She gently bore him, sunk in balmy rest
To the high shades of th' Idalian groves
Where zephyr breathes, and balmy fragrance roves,
There sleeping, he inhales Idalian sweets!
And heav'nly joys! and od'rous bliss repletes!
Meanwhile, obedient to his Sire's nod,
The young Ascanius walks (a blooming God!)
He seeks the Tyrian court, Achates leads:
And now arriv'd, the Tyrian court he treads
Beneath a canopy superb, was seen
On golden couch reclin'd—the Punic queen
Plac'd in the midst, and thron'd in regal state!
Great as in rank—in beauty also great.

Relinquishes the blood-stain'd shores of other realms,
Aspires to boast a freeman's glorious name!
To thee, O Liberty! benignant queen,
Owe we the blessings of prolific soil,
Thy steps attendant smiles and graces tread,
And laughing joy, and courage with bold eye,
And as thy snowy mantle flowing soft,
With gentle zephyr sports, contentment mild
The waving garment plucks, his tender eyes
Replete with filial love, fix'd o'er thy charms,
Like Orion stars diffusing humid beams.
See palm-crown'd plenty, prostrate at thy feet,
Showers her ample store from inexhausted horn;
While patriotism exulting views
The copious heap increasing all around.
Once, Liberty, wert thou, that pris'ner's friend,
'Twas when the youth hung on Columbia's breast,
But ah! childhood and youth are fled, and he forlorn
Recalls the days of years elaps'd with pain.

Scene changes to an English village.

Lo! where ensilver'd by thy beam, the village church
Uprears its tap'ring spire, seeming to pierce
The lofty azure void, while all around
The scatter'd dwellings of the rustic swains,
Their modest faces show of fleecy hue;
Here white-wash'd palings fence the garden round,
There fructuous orchards bare their mellow store,
Which lowly bending court the farmer's hand,
Who as he passes, eyes the rosy load
And says within himself:—"Some market-day,
"Myself and Misses, Dan, Bet, Bill and Tom,

"Will up before the lark, and gather all,
"The jackass being pannier'd, Bet shall drive
"The patient beast to the near town,
"And now unto the market-place arriv'd,
"The girl methinks I see, her right hand
"Holds poor Neddy's bridle, on her left arm
"The wicket basket hangs from slender handle,
"As with clear melodious voice she sings:
"Come, buy my fine new fruit! Fresh gather'd fruit!
"Good eggs! nice eggs! fine new laid eggs!"
Then round her throng the lovers of good things,
First and foremost comes the fruit'rer,
The nice discerning fruit'rer, and he buys
His quantum; then hastens he to spread abroad
His luscious choice, to woo the trav'ler's eye,
Who seldom passes, but he stops to gaze,
First looks at this, and longs to call it his,
And then at that he casts a sheep's eye glance;
Then passes on some twice four steps, or more,
And then returns, and looks them o'er again,
Then feels his pockets, looks and feels again,
Pulls out his silver, and then looks at that,
Half thinks he will not buy; yet thinks he will—
Another look determines; vanquish'd, he owns
The potent pow'r of sweets, and tribute pays
To the gay orchard's fascinating pride!

Some folks for pies, and some for puddings buy,
Some extract the pungent liquid juice,
And some, to eat in nature's simple state,
Thus the fruit'rer finds his profits 'vantage,
And vows next market-day, to purchase all
The blue-ey'd maid for sale shall bring.

Then comes a croud of little boys and girls,
With eager sparkling eyes, and open'd mouths,
Holding their ha'pence in their forward hands,
Each, all together, bawling: "serve me first!
"Here! apples here! one—three—four—for me!
"Let them be fine, and rosy cheek'd, like you!
"The best, the finest, largest—you have got."

"From the white castle high, on yonder hill,
"Then comes your prudish Mistress what d'ye-call—
"Housekeeper she, unto my Lord and Lady;
"A bateing thrifty dame, and scans the eggs,
"First asks, then smells, then scarce believes them ne
"Then draws she off her gloves, and 'tween her thumb
"And fore finger, raises the half-transparent egg,
"'Till 'twixt bright Sol, and an half-open'd eye—
"Th' eclipsing orb, a mid-day twilight makes.
"Then would she know the price, and as she's custom
"Exclaims 'gainst its enormity, and tells.
"How at the shop near by, good eggs are sold
"At half the price; but Bet, who knows her part,
"Tells also of the price of oat-meal,
"Of all the care and trouble, which the hens
"Require;—talks of large rent to landlord;
"Taxes to the king; and all the many children
"Her mammy and myself, have to support,
"Till madam as her custom is, relents
"By little and by little; bargains for all,
"Then walks away majestical, fill'd with conceit
"T' ordain her pies and puddings for my Lord!
"Sauces and trifles, whips and custards, then
"Tickle my lady's palate; delighting

# GLOSSARY.

Just when the Farmer laugh't at Mister John—
Just when Bill whisper'd of his gewgaw pledge—
The destin'd field they reach'd: Dan's sturdy limbs
The stubborn glebe remove, while prepar'd
With thorn-defending gloves, and pruning knife,
Whistling Bill adroitly trims the hedge,
Meanwhile the careful Farmer guides the plough,
Still views the ideal scene pictur'd in Fancy's eye,
Nor faints imagination 'neath the burning Sun,
But, thus soliloquizing, he renews the rural theme—
So much for fruit and eggs, and in their stead
Bright silver shillings stamp with George's head,
Jingle together in the leathern purse!
Then, shall Bessy bring for her good gran'um
A pair of spec'cles, to all appearance
Made to look like shining silver;
In neat shaggreen, or else red 'rocco case,
For Dan a pair of shoes brand new, for Bill
A nice new hat, and for little Tommy
A two-penny whistle! and I'll go myself
Some day or other, and buy the good girl
A gown for her own-self, a cap for Misses,
And some socks for me.
Then humm'd he loud a pleasant tune,
Smack't his long whip and urg'd his idle steed.

Ah! little knows he, poor, good natur'd man!
Of the incursions of destructive swarms,
Still undisturb'd, remains his peaceful breast.
How blind is man to future sorrows!
But thinks he of to-morrow, and he dreams
Of joys forth-coming on that happy day,

## XXI.

Like this pale Lily—thou shalt die!
(Which e'en now hangs its head)
Thus quickly shall thy beauty fly—
Pluck'd from its native bed.

## XXII.

O when that dreaded hour shall come:
Tyrant! accept my breath,
Let me, but sleep in Lydia's tomb,
And I will woo thee death!

## XXIII.

For if my Lydia is not here,
Joyless this earth will be,
O if you take my stay, my all—
Be gracious, and take—me.

## XXIV.

Unhappy is the lover's fate
Who e'en when Lilies bloom,
Views in the flow'r his love's life-date,
An emblem of the tomb.

### NOTE VIII.

*To where beneath umbrageous gloom*
*Sleeps nature's poet in his tomb!* Page 4.

f the various and numerous poets, who graced the bright re-
ı of the recently elapsed century, conspicuously distinguish-
ı the long catalogue of illustrious persons, is placed the ho-
ɜd name JAMES THOMSON, the celebrated author of those
nparable poems denominated "*The Seasons.*"

## VIRGIL ÆNEID. Lib. I. l. 691. 698.

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat: et fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.
Jmaque ibat dicto parens, et dona Cupido
Regia portabat Tyriis, duce lætus Achate.
Cum venit, aulæis jam se Regina superbis
Aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.

## TRANSLATION.

But Venus o'er the blooming boy diffus'd
A placid rest, and sleep his brow suffus'd,
Softly reclining on her downy breast
She gently bore him, sunk in balmy rest
To the high shades of th' Idalian groves
Where zephyr breathes, and balmy fragrance roves,
There sleeping, he inhales Idalian sweets!
And heav'nly joys! and od'rous bliss repletes!
Meanwhile, obedient to his Sire's nod,
The young Ascanius walks (a blooming God!)
He seeks the Tyrian court, Achates leads:
And now arriv'd, the Tyrian court he treads
Beneath a canopy superb, was seen
On golden couch reclin'd—the Punic queen
Plac'd in the midst, and thron'd in regal state!
Great as in rank—in beauty also great.

VIRGIL ÆNEID. Lib. I. l. 691. 698.

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat: et fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.
Jmaque ibat dicto parens, et dona Cupido
Regia portabat Tyriis, duce lætus Achate.
Cum venit, aulæis jam se Regina superbis
Aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.

The following lines exhibit the same trait of excessiv
bility, and train of melancholy reflections, in which I fear t
der Lydia was too prone to indulge:

Ah Richmond! would that I had still
Far from thy villas' crowned hill,
By Severn's silver stream have stray'd,
And fancied me some simple Naiad!
O would, that I had never seen
Thy swelling bosom rob'd in green;
Far from the Thames, a rural maid
In my fond father's cot had staid.
For ah! the hour which brought me here
Has drench'd my cheeks with many a tear,
Has fill'd my heart with feelings strange,
Contented now no more I range.
But since a fatal hour, I find
A broken heart, a wilder'd mind,
And sighs of grief, and tears of woe
Oft on my burning bosom flow.
Ere long I hope, the general doom,
Will ope for me the silent tomb.
O then my soul shall rise above
My heart's own scorn for earthly love,
There shall I live free from all care,
Jesus is gone, bliss to prepare
In the bright mansions of the skies,
Where tears no more shall fill my eyes.

*Lydia, age*

From various pieces in Lydia's pocket-book, with the
which, my fair deceased friend, kindly gratified me, I d
that she had a presentiment of her death, though I belie
be incapable of deliberately planning the emancipation of
from its prison of clay, by violent methods, contrary alik
commandments of God, and the laws of man; for who in
possession of rationality would seek "to rush unbidden
vah's bar?" Who would dare with the crime of murde
pented of, to seek the tribunal of Justice, to stand before

## VIRGIL ÆNEID. Lib. II. l. 1. 14.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto:
Infandum, Regina jubes renovare dolorem:
Trojanus et opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai, quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talio fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssei,
Temperet a lacrymis? et jam nox humida cœlo
Precipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros,
Et brevitur Trojæ supremum audire laborem:
Quanquam animum meminisse horret, luctuque refugit
Incipiam. Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaum.

## TRANSLATION.

Now all are hush'd—now each his voice restrains,
And silence thro' the regal palace reigns,
When from his lofty couch Æneas rose
And said: O queen! you wish me to disclose
The fate of Illion and the Trojan woes.
Alas! remembrance all my griefs renew,
And calls my cruel sorrows back to view,
Yet, at your wish the hist'ry I'll relate
Of that sad state, subdu'd by Grecian hate,
Relate her griefs! her agonizing throes!
Repeat her sorrows and record her woes!
What Myrmidon, his grief shall now restrain?
Or cruel Dolopium, his tears refrain?
Or what bold soldier of Ulysses fell!
Shall without weeping hear the tale I tell?
But see! the lucid regent of the night
Will soon withdraw her silv'ry beaming light.
The stars descending court dun Somnus' sway!
And soon bright Phœbus will relume the day!
Tho' grief and sorrow, swell my heaving breast;
Tho' heavy cares, press on my lab'ring chest:
And tho' the mind abhorrent back recoils,
And seeks oblivion's covert from her toils!
Yet, if so great is your desire to hear
The Phrygian woes, those woes will I declare:
Revolving years the jarring strife protract
Continued war the Grecian chiefs distract.

## VERSES WRITTEN ON A SUMMER'S EVE

### IN A GARDEN.

*Translated from the German of von Gœthe.*

Calmness hovers
  O'er the trees,
No leaf is rustled
  By the breeze.

The plumy people
  Of the grove,
Now silent sleeping
  Dream of love.

Calm—how how tranquil—
  Pause—how deep—
A moment stay
  And you must sleep

During the two last centuries, Germany was prolific in the production of genius. With considerable satisfaction I have perused the works of Solomon Gesner, of Klopstock, and of Augustus Von Kotzebue— poets of acknowledged eminence, but there is a simple elegance, a delicacy in the sketches of Von Goethe which deserve peculiar admiration.

## A SPANISH SONG.

Ardo y lloro sin sossiego:
Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego;
Ni el fuego consumo el llanto.

---

### FROM LE DIABLE BOITEUX.

OF ALAIN RENE LE SAGE.

## TRANSLATION.

In torrents from my dewy eyes
  Th' impetuous billows roll,
Fierce fires consume my burning breast,
  And flames corrode my soul:
But ah! no tears can quench the fires,
  No fires consume the tears which love inspires.

[illegible]

Black Biscay like thee, his soul perpetual boils,
Wrathful he labours for the murd'rous spoils.

VI.

Not such the great, the noble soul'd
Whose minds are cast in glory's mould,
Not such the soul of Washington,
Not such the heart of he who won
At New-Orleans renown in arms,
Who dar'd the ire of War's alarms,
To conquer and possess true glory's high priz'd charms.

VII.

His is the patriot's high-born pride,
Flows in his veins Philanthrophy, thy tide,
A braver, never heard th' iron roar
Of battle, on the Mississippean shore!

VIII.

Ask the bold sons of Albion,
Proud of the crown and Lion,
Who high St. George's Cross unfurl,
Who oft to deep destruction hurl
To realms unknown, a countless race,
And bathe in tears of blood Europa's blushing face!
Ask them, their silent pride will own,
Their hosts at Orleans overthrown;
Still darker will the warrior's frown,
As Jackson's glorious name,
Blasson'd on the shield of fame
They view.

Not always to the brave
Vict'ry belongs; but o'er the patriot-soldier's grave,
O'er those who fought not t' enslave,
Shall ever-living laurels wave.
Do such perennial laurels bloom
O'er Packenham's ensanguin'd tomb?
Oe'r British hosts untimely slain,
Who sleep the sleep of death in blood
On Orlean's fatal plain?
Why then ye British subject bands,
Why did ye seek Columbia's shore,
To slay her sons, destroy her lands,
With murd'rous guns, and flamy brands
Alas! to shroud in your own gore?

'Tis silent, all who rest below,
Are deaf to e'en their mother's woe,
For them maternal tears unheeded flow.

When Jackson's, Carroll's, Coffee's bands appear'd,
Columbia's starry ensign high in air they rear'd.
They fought, three thousand Britons slew,
Swift from the field of death the remnant flew.
High would I notes of honour raise,
But oh! transcendant is our Jackson's praise,
Then Muse the daring theme refrain,
Check th' emulative strain,
Th' attempt is vain.
If high as heav'n the lofty notes I raise,
Naught could I add to Jackson's fame or praise!

Black Biscay like thee, his soul perpetual boils,
Wrathful he labours for the murd'rous spoils.

VI.

Not such the great, the noble soul'd
Whose minds are cast in glory's mould,
Not such the soul of Washington,
Not such the heart of he who won
At New-Orleans renown in arms,
Who dar'd the ire of War's alarms,
To conquer and possess true glory's high priz'd ch

VII.

His is the patriot's high-born pride,
Flows in his veins Philanthrophy, thy tide,
A braver, never heard th' iron roar
Of battle, on the Mississippean shore!

VIII.

Ask the bold sons of Albion,
Proud of the crown and Lion,
Who high St. George's Cross unfurl,
Who oft to deep destruction hurl
To realms unknown, a countless race,
And bathe in tears of blood Europa's blushing fac
Ask them, their silent pride will own,
Their hosts at Orleans overthrown;
Still darker will the warrior's frown,
As Jackson's glorious name,
Blasson'd on the shield of fame
They view.

Not always to the brave
Vict'ry belongs; but o'er the patriot-soldier's grave,
O'er those who fought not t' enslave,
Shall ever-living laurels wave.
Do such perennial laurels bloom
O'er Packenham's ensanguin'd tomb?
Oe'r British hosts untimely slain,
Who sleep the sleep of death in blood
On Orlean's fatal plain?
Why then ye British subject bands,
Why did ye seek Columbia's shore,
To slay her sons, destroy her lands,
With murd'rous guns, and flamy brands
Alas! to shroud in your own gore?

'Tis silent, all who rest below,
Are deaf to e'en their mother's woe,
For them maternal tears unheeded flow.

When Jackson's, Carroll's, Coffee's bands appear'd,
Columbia's starry ensign high in air they rear'd.
They fought, three thousand Britons slew,
Swift from the field of death the remnant flew.
High would I notes of honour raise,
But oh! transcendant is our Jackson's praise,
Then Muse the daring theme refrain,
Check th' emulative strain,
Th' attempt is vain.
If high as heav'n the lofty notes I raise,
Naught could I add to Jackson's fame or praise!

## VIRGIL ÆNEID. Lib. I. l. 691. 698.

At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat: et fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus et dulci aspirans complectitur umbra.
Jmaque ibat dicto parens, et dona Cupido
Regia portabat Tyriis, duce lætus Achate.
Cum venit, aulæis jam se Regina superbis
Aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.

## TRANSLATION.

But Venus o'er the blooming boy diffus'd
A placid rest, and sleep his brow suffus'd,
Softly reclining on her downy breast
She gently bore him, sunk in balmy rest
To the high shades of th' Idalian groves
Where zephyr breathes, and balmy fragrance roves,
There sleeping, he inhales Idalian sweets!
And heav'nly joys! and od'rous bliss repletes!
Meanwhile, obedient to his Sire's nod,
The young Ascanius walks (a blooming God!)
He seeks the Tyrian court, Achates leads:
And now arriv'd, the Tyrian court he treads
Beneath a canopy superb, was seen
On golden couch reclin'd—the Punic queen
Plac'd in the midst, and thron'd in regal state!
Great as in rank—in beauty also great.

## VIRGIL ÆNEID. Lib. II. l. 1. 14.

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto:
Infandum, Regina jubes renovare dolorem:
Trojanus et opes et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai, quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui. Quis talio fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssei,
Temperet a lacrymis? et jam nox humida cœlo
Precipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros,
Et brevitur Trojæ supremum audire laborem:
Quanquam animum meminisse horret, luctuque refugit
Incipiam. Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi
Ductores Danaum.

## TRANSLATION.

Now all are hush'd—now each his voice restrains,
And silence thro' the regal palace reigns,
When from his lofty couch Æneas rose
And said: O queen! you wish me to disclose
The fate of Illion and the Trojan woes.
Alas! remembrance all my griefs renew,
And calls my cruel sorrows back to view,
Yet, at your wish the hist'ry I'll relate
Of that sad state, subdu'd by Grecian hate,
Relate her griefs! her agonizing throes!
Repeat her sorrows and record her woes!
What Myrmidon, his grief shall now restrain?
Or cruel Dolopium, his tears refrain?
Or what bold soldier of Ulysses fell!
Shall without weeping hear the tale I tell?
But see! the lucid regent of the night
Will soon withdraw her silv'ry beaming light.
The stars descending court dun Somnus' sway!
And soon bright Phœbus will relume the day!
Tho' grief and sorrow, swell my heaving breast;
Tho' heavy cares, press on my lab'ring chest:
And tho' the mind abhorrent back recoils,
And seeks oblivion's covert from her toils!
Yet, if so great is your desire to hear
The Phrygian woes, those woes will I declare:
Revolving years the jarring strife protract
Continued war the Grecian chiefs distract.

## VERSES WRITTEN ON A SUMMER'S EVE

### IN A GARDEN.

*Translated from the German of von Gœthe.*

Calmness hovers
  O'er the trees,
No leaf is rustled
  By the breeze.

The plumy people
  Of the grove,
Now silent sleeping
  Dream of love.

Calm—how how tranquil—
  Pause—how deep—
A moment stay
  And you must sleep

During the two last centuries, Germany was prolific in the production of genius. With considerable satisfaction I have perused the works of Solomon Gesner, of Klopstock, and of Augustus Von Kotzebue— poets of acknowledged eminence, but there is a simple elegance, a delicacy in the sketches of Von Goethe which deserve peculiar admiration.

## A SPANISH SONG.

Ardo y lloro sin sossiego:
Llorando y ardiendo tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego;
Ni el fuego consumo el llanto.

---

### FROM LE DIABLE BOITEUX.

OF ALAIN RENE LE SAGE.

## TRANSLATION.

In torrents from my dewy eyes
  Th' impetuous billows roll,
Fierce fires consume my burning breast,
  And flames corrode my soul:
But ah! no tears can quench the fires,
  No fires consume the tears which love inspires.

## VERSES WRITTEN ON A SUMMER'S EVE

### IN A GARDEN.

*Translated from the German of von Gœthe.*

Calmness hovers
  O'er the trees,
No leaf is rustled
  By the breeze.

The plumy people
  Of the grove,
Now silent sleeping
  Dream of love.

Calm—how how tranquil—
  Pause—how deep—
A moment stay
  And you must sleep

During the two last centuries, Germany was prolific in the duction of genius. With considerable satisfaction I have pe the works of Solomon Gesner, of Klopstock, and of Aug Von Kotzebue— poets of acknowledged eminence, but ther simple elegance, a delicacy in the sketches of Von Goethe deserve peculiar admiration.

The Muses have but followed the examples of many thousand mortals who have fled from the devastations of war in Europe, to dwell in security on the bosom of Columbia. Fearful anticipations have occasioned an influx of population to the United States, by the multitudinous emigrations of Europeans from the Old World—for more than twenty years past, so continually deluged with human gore, to this portion of the New Continent, which seems destined by the Power Supreme to be the asylum of the miserable, and the last abode of Liberty on earth. Happening fortunately to live in an epocha when tranquility has extended her wings over Europe, Asia, and the Northern Continent of America; it was during a complete year of Peace, I returned to my beloved country, after an absence of many years; I would celebrate this distinguished period with the sound of the harp, and with the voice of melody. There is often too much monotony, even in the *themes* of modern poets, their tuneful predecessors have indiscriminately sung of flowers and of weeds, have exhausted almost every subject: While one undertakes to describe the glory of God, the seat of his Divine Majesty, the effects of His Power, of His Anger, or of His Love; another writes "*A Sonnet to my Mistress's Eyebrow*"—and another simply sings:

"Busy, curious, thirsty *fly*—
"Drink with me, and drink with I!"

Mirth, Joy, Pleasure, Happiness—Pain, Grief, Misery, Despair, all the Passions which can agitate the soul with sensations of sorrow, or emotions of any kind: all we can see, and much of all we have thought, have been consecrated to the Muses. Many reapers have gathered of the harvest. All nature is a song.

I may claim the merit of originality for the removal of the Inspirers of Heavenly Poesy from the realms of turbulence, to the regions of peace; from Europe to America; from Parnassus, to "Mountains lov'd by Liberty."

But it may be objected to, the removal of the Daughters of Melody from dwelling in the midst of the noise of arms; that it is an absolute innovation in the Mythology of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and that no modern should pretend to change what

was considered by them sacred, and which constituted a part of their religious belief. To this objection, it may be replied: Poetry is no. peculiar to any particular country, but is generally cultivated by all nations which have made any progress in civilization. The imaginary Inspirers of the Divine Art, are still supposed to exist, but why should Parnassus monopolize their residence, since the charm which primitively attracted them to that mountain exists no more; why were the Muses established in Greece? Because it was a Land of Liberty and of Refinement; their presence essentially presumes the cultivation of the Liberal Sciences and useful Arts, and a profound veneration for Religion; they abhor ignornnce and venality: but by whom are they now surrounded? the Garden of Ancient Europe, is now inhabited by slavish, slothful, stupid Turks, enemies to liberality, and foes to Science; they have desolated that once beautiful portion of the earth, and destroyed the most valuable of the monuments of the glory of Greece. They are Mahomedans. To evince the barbarity of the Islamites, take the example of one of their Emperors. His arms were victorious,—success crowned with his flag, the ramparts of a magnificent city, in which a wise monarch had many years antecedently, established at an enormous expense an excellent Library, filled with the choicest productions of the mind of man. The Mahomedans doomed the city to conflagration. The Literati flew to the vindictive Islamite and conjured him to spare THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD. "If" said he, "it contains what is in the Koran, we have the Koran, it is needless; if more it is superfluous: let it be destroyed."

During the invasion of Egypt by the French army under Bonaparte, First Consul of the French Republic, that chief was desirous of opening in the invaded country. Academies for the instruction of native youth; in order to accomplish this object, he frequently conversed on the subject with the most sapient of the Mahomedan Imans and Cziques, and philosophically proposed the translation from the various languages of the civilized Europeans, of the scientific works; all the disciples of Mahomet declared that there could be no necessity for so much trouble, as

the Koran taught every thing: The French Consul angrily asked: "Does it teach you how to cast cannon?" All the Mahomedans answered: "Yes! yes!"—And shall the Virgin Muses choose to dwell in the country of these, the reverse of the enlightened inhabitants of ancient Greece? Will the pure Maids contentedly reside in those regions where polygamy and concubinage is permitted, and where no soul is allowed to their sex, where females are generally considered merely created to conduce to the sensual gratifications of the most brutal, slavish, and stupid of mankind? Was it not from

"Harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal sphere began;"—

and in Poetry the Most High delivered his Oracles to the Sons of Men. What is Isaiah, the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Songs of Solomon, but incomparable specimens of the Divine Art? Will not the Muses fly from the gloomy horizon of Modern Greece, to that country, whose God and King, delivers his Sacred Oracles in inimitable Poetry, and who condescended to give lessons to men on the Arts of Navigation and Architecture?* Let Columbia therefore, be henceforth the residence of the American Muses.

## NOTE II.

*Happy the man inur'd to healthful toil,*
*Who reaps the harvest, ploughs the grateful soil,*
*Happy the Farmer* ———————Page 32.

Poets of various countries, in various ages, have unanimously celebrated the happiness of a Farmer's life. The elegant Tibullus in his XI. Eclogue thus sweetly sings:

Quam potuis laudandus hic est, quem prole parata
Occupat in parva pigra senecta casu.

* See in Genesis instructions to Noah respecting the Ark, also to Moses respecting the building of the Tabernacle.

Ipse suas sectatur oves, et filios agnos.
Et calidam fesso comparat uxor aquam
Sic ego sim, liceatque caput candescere canis,
Temporis et prisci facta referre senem,
Interea Pax arva colat; Pax candida primum
Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves.
Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum.
Pace bidens, vomerque nitent: et tristia dura
Militis in tenebris occupat arma situs.
Rusticus e lucoque vehit, male sobrius ipse,
Uxorem plaustro progeniemque domum.

Lib. 39. 50.

Juvenal, the Roman satirist writes thus:

Vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis
O Pueri, Marcus dicebat, et Hernicus olim
Vestinusque senex; panem quæramus aratro,
Qui satis est mensis: laudant hoc numina ruris,
Quorum ope et auxilio, gratæ post minus aristæ,
Contingunt homini veteris fastidia quercus.
Nil vetitum fecisse volet, quem non pudet alto:
Per glaciem perone tegi; qui sum movet Euros
Pellibus inversis, perigrino, ignotaque nobis
Ad scelus atque nefas, quodcunque est, purpura ducit.
Hæc illi veteres præcepta minoribus.

Those situations are certainly not the most enviable which a the most exalted. All classes and conditions of men, have the troubles, happiest is he who has the least. Money does not co fer happiness on its possessor.

Quæritur argentium puerisque beata creandis
Uxor et incultæ pecantor vomere sylvæ.
Quod satis est, cui contingio, nihil amplius optet.
Non domus et fundus, nox æris acervus et auri.
Ægroto dumum deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo cures. *Horace,*

Lucien Bonaparte, in his Epic Poem introduces persons of high rank into a peasant's cottage, where they are entertained with simplicity and hospitality.

Rich streams of milk in wooden bowls are pour'd:
The careful swain prepares his simple board;
Then to each stranger with a liberal hand,
Presents in turn the produce of his land.
Four sons, a daughter, and a wife belov'd
His household form'd: by his example mov'd,
All these his hospitable labours share
Strangers alike to avarice and to care;
Far from remorse or woe, secure from need,
A life of union and content they lead.

*Charlemagne.*

The happiest man I ever knew was the most contented; he was a little ugly deformed shoe-black, who used to sit down under the arch-way leading to Lincoln's Inn, in the city of London. I have frequently stood at a little distance from that shoe-black—to admire his cheerfulness. One day, curiosity led me to ask him if he was really as happy as he appeared; his reply was: "Ay, your honour, I am always happy when I have something to do. Five and forty years have I sat under this archway a cleaning of shoes; and I would not give up the business now in my old age if my own dear old grandfather were to come out of his grave to ax me." "Then you are truly happy," I replied, "for there is no famine of dirty shoes in this neighbourhood." "Thank God!" said the happy man, and as he continued rubbing a shoe with great spirit, and much self-complacency, he sung a Ballad on the delights of shoe-cleaning with a vivacity, which if it could be rivalled by aught but his croaking voice, it could only be the doggrelity of his rhymes.

There is no personage in the world—more careless, more independent, more contented, than the shoe-black who had sat under the arch-way leading to Lincoln's Inn those five and forty years.

I have often admired the fidelity of Horace's descriptions of characters in his Satires and Epistles—his words:

Me quoties reficit gelidis Digentia vivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus;
Quid sentiri putas, quid credis, amice precari?
Sit mihi quod nunc est etiam minus et mihi vivam
Quod super est ævi, si qui super esse, volunt Di,
Si bona librorum et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendælus horæ.
Sed satis est orare Jovem, qui ponit et aufert:
Det vitam, det opes; æquum, mi animum ipse parabor.

*Ep.* 18.

Conversing with a Farmer one day, I asked: "Why he confined himself to the same monotonous mode of life; and hinted, that as he possessed something substantial, if he had any good friend, acquainted with business, he might advantageously lay out a few hundred dollars in some commercial speculation. He answered: "I am as contented as I need; I want to have only what I have, and to live as long as God pleases. I amuse myself with reading at leisure hours;—I have got a good library of books; besides I have a parcel of fine children growing up, if I were to speculate I might lose a great deal, and have nothing to leave them; as it is, I am not in any danger of having my all upset in a vessel. I wish to be as happy and contented as I am all my days, and my children after me."

In the lines from Horace previously cited, the sense was nearly similar.

Pope in the *Essay on Man*, says:

"Happiness to no single spot confin'd
"Is no where to be found, or ev'ry where.
"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
"Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence."

An anonymous writer has briefly expressed a just opinion on the subject:

"Content makes any lot a prize."

It is said that Roland, formerly a minister of state to Louis XVIth. when brought to the gullotine, thro' the barbarous ma-

chinations of his enemies, the anarchists of France, calmly said the moment before his decapitation: "This is the happiest moment of my life!"

If I may be allowed to hazard an opinion on the happiness of conditions, it is—that person is happy who confident of immortality in bliss, of no longer being a

"Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour!"

can in his dying moments with enthusiasm pronounce the inimitable lines of Pope:

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
"Quit, O quit, this mortal frame, &c.

## NOTE III.

### THE BATTLE OF LA TRANCHE.

Simplicity is the characteristic of the battle of La Tranche, in which I have sought to imitate, but without too much servility, some of the more generally admired Old English ballads; sometimes diversifying the metre of my verses, to interrupt the irksomeness of an incessant monotony, this intended irregularity of measure, appears to me an improvement, requiring no apology.—The first verse is formed on the model of Chevy Chase, which commences thus:

"God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safties all,
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall."

But Chevy Chace abounds in absurdities, such as—

"To hunt the deer with hound and horn,
Lord Percy took his way;
The child *may rue that is unborn*,
The hunting of that day!!"

So gross a falsehood occasions the fidelity of the whole narrative to be suspected, and deterioates from the genuine interest

with which the performance would otherwise be perused. To introduce a ludicrous image of heroic valour, is ungenerous: To sport with the misery of a valiant warrior, is unfeeling. Such lines as the following would be sufficient to call down the thunderbolts of critical vengeance on the production of a modern muse:

But Weddrington needs must I wail
As one *in dol;ful dumps,*
For—*when his legs were smitten off*
He—*fought upon his stumps ! !*

*Chevy Chace.*

I have not admitted such glaring absurdities in the simple ballad of the battle of La Tranche. The descriptive part of the piece is taken from "Historic Sketches of the Late War by James Lewis Thompson."

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

ook is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building